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AND SUMMER DAYS.

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THE SONGS WE SANG.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Bright to-night the stars are shining
O'er the fields and o'er the sea,
And I sit all lonely dreaming,
Dreaming, loved one, but of thee.
Music from my lute is stealing,
And the songs we used to sing,
Send I out upon the breezes,
As my fingers touch the string.
But thy absence gives me sorrow,
For thy voice no more I hear,
That would join mine in the even
In those songs we held so dear.
Now alone, to-night I'm gazing
Out upon the fields and sea;
While ten thousand stars are shining,
Not a star now shines for me.
Song and lute are hushed and silenced
By my sorrow and my pain,
And I fear that I shall never
Touch my lute or sing again.
Scenes in memory rise like visions
Of our parting by the sea,
And my voice will fail me, darling,
When I sing and dream of thee.

The Sword Hunters:

OR,
THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

A sequel to "Lance and Lasso."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN,"
"LANCE AND LASSO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV. UP THE NILE.

In the porch of Shepherd's Hotel, at Cairo, a few months later, sat our three friends, bronzed and hardy-looking, after their Algerian campaign against the lions.

They had been successful beyond their hopes in hunting, and had acquired a stock of Arabic which enabled them to converse with the natives on most ordinary subjects without turning to their interpreter every moment. More than this, they had learned much of Arab character, and knew how to deal with chiefs, and in hunting the fierce Algerine lions had realized what it was to have their lives depending on the accuracy of their aim and firmness of their nerves.

After about two months spent among the Algerine Arabs, and after killing four lions, they began to think it was time that they were proceeding on their journey toward the unknown regions of Central Africa. Accordingly they returned to Algiers, took ship for Malta, and from thence, by the English peninsular and Oriental steamship, to Alexandria, and by railroad to Cairo.

Now they sat on the porch of Shepherd's Hotel, watching the crowds of donkey-boys snubbing with each other over who should mount an English traveler for a ride through the city. In Cairo there are no carriages. Every one rides, and almost every one rides a donkey.

These Egyptian donkeys are little creatures, not much larger than a very big dog, but their strength and spirit are amazing. Small as they are, each will carry a man six feet high on his back, and gallop all day at that.

Manuel and Jack were both questioning Tom, who had just dismounted from one of these very donkeys, from a visit to the river, where he had been to examine the large boat in which they proposed to ascend the Nile, and which was called a dahabiah.

"Well, Tom, how does she go now?" asked Curtis.

"All right," responded Tom. "Not a rat since she's raised, and Mohammed's used up ten pounds of sulphur for the bedbugs. I guess she'll do for these Yanks now."

This sounds curious to you, no doubt; but the reader will understand that in the hot climate of Egypt, vermin of all sorts, insect and quadruped, increase with wonderful rapidity. Consequently, travelers who hire boats to go up the Nile, always, if they are wise, fumigate their boat to expel the insects, then sink it to drown out the rats, and finally paint it up again before they ascend the river to Nubia.

Tom, since his arrival in Cairo, had been the business-man of the party, and now came to announce to them that their boat was ready to start.

A few minutes later, the three travelers were galloping down to Boulak, the port of Cairo, to embark on their long and uncertain voyage.

There was the dahabiah, a long, sharp boat, a hundred feet in length, with a large raised cabin in the stern, and a tall lateen sail, hanging from a yard at least seventy feet long, and flapping in the wind.

"Three cheers for the American eagle, and ho for Africa!" shouted Tom, gayly, as the dahabiah swept from her moorings and pointed her prow southward.

The three boy sportsmen left Cairo in the fall and traveled up the Nile in their dahabiah until they reached Nubia. Many were the curious and wonderful things which they saw on the route, the pyramids, which were built four thousand years ago; the ruins of Egyptian temples, made of stones, each one as big as a small house; and the great sandy desert, where the Arabs roam about on camels, and where you have to travel for a week before you see a drop of water or a blade of grass. But, they were all anxiety to reach the upper Nile, where they were to find the hunting they sought, and where they also heard, for the first time, of the wonderful people called the Sword Hunters.

The Egyptians told them that these men, who are a tribe of Arabs called Hamraus, went



Jack Curtis threw up his rifle as he galloped by within ten feet of the bull he and Manuel had hit before.

out hunting lions and elephants with nothing but a sword, for they had no guns, nor bows and arrows.

The young sportsmen were very anxious to see these men, and still more to see the game they hunted. But in order to be comfortable among the wild people they were going to see, it was first necessary to learn the language better than they had. So the adventurers bought grammars and dictionaries of Arabic from the bazaar at Cairo, and took a teacher with them, who did all their business with the natives, and who was called a *Dragoman*, which means interpreter. This *Dragoman* was named Mohammed; and a very splendid looking fellow he was, dressed up in velvet clothes, with great trousers three times as big as those of the gauchos they had seen at Buenos Ayres, and wearing a big turban on his head, with four or five pistols and daggers in his girdle. This Mohammed proved a very useful man to them, and they began to pick up the Arabic very rapidly.

In about two months from the time they left Cairo they had got as far as their boat would take them, to a little town called Khartoum, where the Blue and White Nile meet. The governor of Khartoum was very polite to them, for they carried a letter from the pasha of Egypt, which the American consul had obtained for them. There they procured horses and camels, and then set forth up the valley of the Blue Nile, into the country of the great game, in the south of Abyssinia.

The Blue Nile is a very curious river, for it is almost dry half the year, and then, all of a sudden, in the spring, a great flood comes rushing down from the mountains, fills it up, and makes the river Nile rise, all the way down to Alexandria. But this great freshet does no harm, as it would on our Mississippi. On the contrary, the Egyptians consider it a great blessing, for it brings down a quantity of rich black mud, which settles all over the fields of Egypt, and makes corn, rice, cotton and sugar grow luxuriously, without any more manure, causing Egypt to be called the "Garden of the World."

But when our travelers went up it, after the long dry summer of Africa, the river was shrunk into a dry channel, between high yellow banks, and the only trace of water was a succession of pools at different intervals, where the channel had worn deep holes, that had kept the water; but, even these pools were slowly drying up.

But the further they were from Khartoum the more water there was. As the country rose, and they got nearer the mountains, there were more trees and grass, and here and there the pools were nearly a mile long. At last Mohammed informed them that the next day they would be in the elephant country, and near to the tents of the Hamraus Arabs.

So they pitched their camp for the night in the dry bed of the river, close to the edge of a great pool, and got all their guns ready for the expected hunting.

Thus far they had seen hardly any game, for the country was so dry that it had all moved up toward the mountains; but that night brought them, for the first time, into the presence of all sorts of wild animals.

The pool by which they had yet seen, over a mile in length, and quite deep. On the banks above was a grove of big trees on one side, and a sloping green plain on the other. The moon was just at the full, and rose as the sun set.

The camp of our boy travelers was very prettily pitched. There was a beautiful large tent, striped white and blue, where the three friends had their beds; and around the tent-pole hung their guns and pistols. Behind this tent, and on each side, were a number of others, filled with servants, guards, camel-drivers, grooms, and so on. You can hire Egyptians and Arabs for a dollar a month in Africa, though it takes three of them to do the work of one white man in our country, for they're as lazy as they are in our country. All the baggage and tents had to be carried on camels there, and every camel needs a driver, so that there fifty or sixty people in the party to take care of the three young adventurers; and half of them were useless.

CHAPTER V.

THE RIVER HORSE AND THE SWORD HUNTERS.

TOM BULLARD sat in front of the tent on a camp-chair looking at his new rifle. Tom was very proud of that rifle. It was the last new pattern of breech-loader, and carried a bullet with a steel point. It could be fired twelve or fourteen times a minute without any trouble. Tom had been practicing ever since he had been in Egypt, and felt very eager to try his hand on live game, for he could drive a nail into a tree, with a bullet, every time, at fifty paces, and could hit the bull's-eye as far as he could see it.

Curtis and Manuel both had practiced, and were good shots, though not as good as Bullard. They were near Tom to-night, in front of a small fire before the tent door.

"Say, fellows," said the Westerner, suddenly, "I guess there's hippopotamuses in this pool here. I'm a-going to shoot one if there is."

"But you forget that if there are any, our fire will scare them away," suggested Manuel. "You might watch all night from here and not see one."

"Not from here," assented Tom. "Any fellow knows that. I'm going to steal round to the other side of the pool, and lay for 'em. Hark! what's that but one, now?"

The boys listened, and heard a loud snorting

and blowing some way off, in the pool. They could see something flash in the moonlight in a cloud of white foam, and then disappear. In a moment more there was more snorting and blowing, and several more of the shining objects appeared.

Tom started up, gun in hand. "There you are!" he cried. "That's them at last, and I'm a-going for 'em! Good-night, fellows. See you again when I've shot one of them critters."

And Tom stalked away, bent on slaughter, for he'd shot nothing but a few wild-geese so far, and was hungry for hippopotami.

Curtis followed a little while. "Guess I'll go too, Manuel," he at length decided. "Will you come along?"

"Not to-night," returned Manuel. "One of us ought to be in camp, for they say that there are plenty of wild fellows in this country, prowling round to see what they can steal. I shall do my hunting in the daytime. But you go, Jack, if you wish, while I set the guard for to-night."

So Jack took his gun, and started after Bullard, whom he soon overtook, and the two proceeded quietly along the shore of the pool, under the shade of the trees, watching the water. Every now and then they heard the great beasts blow, and saw the huge heads, each as big as a molasses barrel, rise out of the water, and then sink again.

"They'll come out to feed soon," whispered Jack, who had been studying up the habits of the hippopotamus in his books lately. So the boy-hunters crept on quietly, waiting for a sure shot. The hippopotami were away at the other end of the pool, for they are very shy beasts, and the fire frightened them. Presently Jack saw one of them come up and blow, close to shore, and he and Bullard ran silently on, expecting to head it off.

And, sure enough, when they got opposite to the place where they had seen it, the hippopotamus suddenly came up again, still closer, swam swiftly on, and presently reared his ungainly form up in the shallow water. Then, for the first time, they saw what kind of a creature it was, and Tom and Jack couldn't help laughing at the sight.

Fancy a fat pig, about as big as a small elephant, with a head nearly as long as its body, a broad flat snout instead of a pointed one, and you have a hippopotamus, or river horse. This one had not yet seen the boys, who were hidden by the shade of the trees. He paddled out of the water, looked around once or twice, and opened a mouth about the size of a common door, lined with a row of white tusks that looked big enough to crunch up a bar of iron. Tom and Jack didn't much like his looks, but since they were in for it, they determined to have a shot.

"It's an old bull, Tom," whispered Jack. "Look at his tusks. Which shall take the first shot?"

"I will," answered Bullard, quietly. "Here goes."

And the Western boy stepped out of his cover and walked straight up to the old bull. In the daytime the old fellow would have gone back into the water, but he was hungry now. It is the habit of the hippopotamus to come out at night, and feed on wild rice and other vegetables that grow near the water; and when he is hungry he is quite bold. Instead of plunging back into the water, the great beast gave a bellow, snapped his white tusks together, and charged straight at Bullard with gaping jaws.

Tom was as cool as a veteran. He waited till the old fellow was close to him, when he fired right into the vast cavernous mouth, and then turned and ran.

The hippopotamus stopped and staggered. He shook his great head from side to side, gave a snort and a bellow, and then went for the enemy. It was perfectly amazing to see how fast he went. The clumsy, fat beast ran like a fast trotting horse, and gained on Tom at every step. The boy jammed in a fresh cartridge as he went, and called to Curtis.

"Up the bank like a streak, Jack!"

But Curtis was not the fellow to run and leave his friend. He waited under a big tree till Bullard had passed him, and the hippopotamus was thundering by, within ten feet, not seeing the second enemy. Jack took a hurried aim in the uncertain light, and fired at the tremendous head between the eye and ear.

To his astonishment and delight down fell the old bull in an instant, and Jack shouted: "Hurrah, Tom! I've fixed him! Shot the first hippopotamus! Hurrah!"

And so he had, plumb through the brain, and the great beast was dead. Bullard came running back, wild with pleasure, and not at all jealous.

He and Jack pulled out their tapes and measured the old fellow. His mouth alone was six feet across, when it was open; and from snout to tail he was eighteen feet long.

Jack cut off his tail for a trophy, and they were thinking of going back to camp, when they were startled by the sound of horses' feet, on the bank above.

Now, in these wild countries, you have to be on your guard all the time, for every man you meet may be an enemy. Jack and Tom knew this, and each instinctively cocked his rifle, and moved behind the huge carcass of the hippopotamus, as four men on horseback rode down the bank and halted in the shadow.

Jack called out in Arabic, which he could already speak a little:

"Who are you! Take care! We are Americans, and armed! Who are you?"

A voice came out of the darkness, replying: "Hunters of the Beni Hamraus. Peace be unto you, if you are friends."

Jack threw his rifle into the hollow of his arm.

"They're the famous Sword Hunters, Tom," he said. "Let's invite them to our camp. Manuel will be tickled to death to see them."

He then turned to the strangers, and spoke in his best Arabic, inviting them to come to the camp and have some supper.

"We thank you much," replied the same grave voice. "We will come. We heard from our tribe that you were in the country, and have come to see your wonderful guns. We heard your shots just now. Come, brothers, let us salute the strangers."

And then the horsemen advanced into the moonlight, and the boys saw them for the first time. They were mounted on stout, compact little horses, much like the pampas horses. The men could hardly be seen, for they were muffled up in long white blankets called *hykes*, and looked like four old women, so far. They had neither gun nor lance, like the other Arabs the boys had seen. Each of them had the hilt of a straight, cross-handled sword sticking up at the saddle-bow, and his left leg pressed it against the side of the horse, and kept it from swinging about.

The one that seemed to be the chief came forward and shook hands with Curtis, saying again:

"Peace be unto you, brother. I am Abou Hassan, and these are my brothers, Hamel, Abdallah, and Selim. You have done well to kill this great creature with that gun. It takes us all day to kill one."

Bullard shook hands with the Arabs all round, and Curtis told them their names, which the Arabs repeated very gravely, but got dreadfully mixed up.

Then the little party proceeded to camp, where they found Manuel waiting supper for them, and the Arabs were much pleased with everything. Here they threw off their long cloaks, and appeared almost entirely naked, except for a little pair of breeches, like bathing breeches, and a strong belt round the waist. They turned their horses loose to graze and every man took down the sword from his saddle-bow, and nursed it, as if it was a baby he was proud of.

Now that the boys could see them clearly, they proved noble-looking fellows, active and graceful as cats and very handsome. They wore their hair very long, and elaborately oiled and curled. It was carefully kept out of their eyes by a leathern band round the forehead, and came down their backs, almost to the ground, when they sat down. Abou Hassan had a splendid black beard, but the rest were young men, whose beards were just beginning to start, in fact boys, of the same ages as our three friends.

Mannul was very much interested with them at supper. These wild Arabs behaved with as much politeness as if they had been princes, and did not commit a single rude act. They never interrupted any one speaking, and if they were asked a question, always answered politely. Mannul was the best Arabic scholar of the party, being the oldest, and the dragoonman was always by to help them, if there was a word they did not understand.

Abou Hassan turned out to be one of the crack hunters of the Hamrau tribes, and, with his young brothers, was just about starting on a trip. Hearing that the white party was in the country, he had come to offer them his services, to hunt, and to find game for them.

"But how do you go out hunting?" asked Mannul. "What kind of game do you hunt?" "Everything," said the Arab, gravely, "from an elephant to an antelope."

"And what do you kill a lion with?" asked Tom, whose mind was bent on killing one of the royal beasts.

Abou Hassan smiled, and patted the sword in his arms.

"With this," he said, quietly. "We four do not fear the best lion in the country, if we catch him in the open fields. But we can do nothing in the forest."

"And what do you kill an elephant with?" asked Mannul.

"With this," replied Abou Hassan, again patting the sword affectionately.

"What, kill an elephant with a sword? Why, how many of you get at him?"

"We four," responded Abou Hassan, shrugging his shoulders. "Sometimes we do it with only two, but four are safest. More are only in the way of each other."

"Do you know where we can find any elephants?" asked Jack Curtis.

"We have marked a herd about three hours' ride from here," replied the Sword Hunter. "If my white brothers will go to-morrow, they shall see how the sons of Hamrau hunt the elephant."

The boys were delighted with this news. They soon made arrangements with the four Arabs, by which the latter were to find them all the game they wanted, stay with them as long as they were in the country, and hunt for them, and were to receive for their services half of the game, the tusks of all elephants killed, except what fell by the white hunters' rifles, and a horse apiece at the end of their term of service.

And the next morning they agreed to show the boys a herd of wild elephants.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HERD.

Long before sunrise, next morning, Mannul was awakened by a touch on his shoulder. Looking up, he beheld the grave, handsome face of Abou Hassan. The Arab held his sword hugged to his breast as usual, and had his finger on his lips.

"Make no noise, white brother," he said, in a low tone. "Elephants are near us, come to drink at the pool. Time to be off before they get to the forest."

Mannul jumped up and shook himself. In those wild countries people always sleep in their clothes, so he was ready in a minute. He picked up his rifle and cartridge-box, and sallied out. Abou Hassan was gone, and when the boys came out, they heard him rousing the grooms, and bidding them get their masters' horses ready. They found the three young Sword Hunters standing silently by the heads of their horses, and watching the pool.

It was nearly dark. The full moon was already half set, and the sun was still behind the distant hills. Only the stars looked twinkling down overhead.

At the end of the pool, on the side toward the open country, they could hear a distant splashing, different from the hippopotami, as if some large animals were bathing in the water. The experienced Sword Hunters knew that the noise proceeded from elephants, and said so. Presently Abou Hassan came back, with the grooms, leading the horses of our young hunters. They were all handsome horses, small and compact, of the country breed, coming from the Arab.

Abou Hassan gave a silent signal, and they all mounted and rode away round the back of the camp, at a slow pace. The Arabs had left their long hydes behind, and rode nearly naked, with their swords ready under the left leg. To keep them from slipping and swinging, they were hung to the saddle-bow by a little strap, and two stiff pieces of leather were sewed on the scabbards, sticking out, one above, and the other below, the rider's leg.

In this way they rode off. The boys could hardly believe it possible that these men were going out to hunt a herd of elephants, with nothing but a little sword. Jack Curtis thought of his own experience with a sword in the fight with the Indians, and muttered to Bullard:

"Those fellows can't do anything, Tom. We shall have to shoot the elephants."

"Let's wait and see. Maybe they know more than we think they do. If not, we'll show them," was Tom's reply.

"Hush!" whispered Mannul. "Trust to them. They know more than we do about their game."

Abou Hassan turned and made a gesture for silence, and the party rode out of the river bed up the further bank. They chose a place where a little stream entered the river, now dried up, leaving a steep channel to the rising country. On this side of the river there was no cover, for some miles, and the elephants would have to cross an open plain, before they reached any wood.

While they were in the torrent bed, the hunters were protected from view of their game, and by great good luck the wind was blowing from the elephants toward them. If it had not been, they would have been compelled to go many miles round, for an elephant can scent a human being many miles off, if he be to windward.

As they went slowly on, they could hear the elephants still splashing in the water, and when they had gone about a mile, the sky began to flush with a bright crimson glow. Presently the sun rose, and they could see that they were not far from the head of the torrent bed.

But Abou Hassan did not go that far. As soon as the sun rose, he turned his horse to the left, and climbed the bank, calling to the others to follow him. They did so, and in a moment more beheld the object of all their hopes plainly before them.

A smooth slope stretched down to the river, covered with long grass, dried up by the fierce summer heats. Coming up the slope from the pool, lazily swinging their trunks to and fro, was a herd of some twenty elephants, led by an old bull, with tusks as white as snow, and of enormous size. There were two other bulls, with tusks nearly as large, a number of female elephants with shorter ones, and five or six little baby elephants, without any, but trotting along by their mothers' sides, playing with clumsy antics.

The elephants saw the hunters just about as

soon as they saw the elephants, and the whole herd fell into confusion at once. The female elephants threw up their trunks with a shrill trumpeting, and ran back to the pools, with their little ones, while the three bulls, led by the stately old patriarch of the herd, stalked solemnly toward the strangers, as if to cover the retreat.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Bullard. "Now's your time for tusks. Let's show the niggers how to hunt."

And he was dashing forward, when Mannul restrained him.

"Don't go, Tom," he protested. "Let the Arabs go to work. I want to see what they'll do."

And he repeated his wish in Arabic to Abou Hassan.

"My white brother shall see," said the Arab, gravely. "The elephants are coming to charge us, but there are too many for the sword. Let my brothers come forward with us slowly, and fire at the two little bulls. They will run away, but the old one will charge fiercely. Then let my brothers stand aside, and leave us to deal with him."

"That's fair," said Curtis. "We can't expect four men, with nothing but swords, to attack three elephants together."

"Let's go forward, then," said Mannul. "When you fire, aim at the beasts' foreheads. Perhaps we shall kill them both."

The seven horsemen accordingly walked their horses leisurely down toward the elephants, which, on their part, began to quicken their pace, throw up their trunks, and roar fiercely.

Abou Hassan remarked that they had never been hunted before, or they would not be so fierce; and he was right. No white men or guns had ever been there before, in all probability, and the Hamraus seldom attack herds.

They prefer solitary elephants, old bulls with wicked tempers, which have left the herd in disgust. Such bulls are called in India "rogue elephants," and the Hamraus know that they have the largest tusks, which will sell for most money, which is what they hunt elephants for.

A good pair of tusks will be worth a hundred and fifty dollars, which will buy a good horse and a gun and many other things in Africa. So the Hamraus, who have nothing but swords, wisely pick out single elephants whenever they can find them, although such always fight very hard.

Now, as the boys went forward, they noticed the difference in the character of the elephants. The nearest they came, the fiercer the old fellow grew, while the young ones began to drop behind and show signs of backing out. The rest of the herd was in full flight up the river, when Abou Hassan cried:

"Now, white brothers, drive off the children, and we will kill the father."

The boys drew up and took deliberate aim. Bullard took the left-hand elephant, and sent a ball right into the place he aimed, the center of its forehead. But the bull never dropped. On the contrary, he uttered a shrill scream, wheeled round, and made off, full speed, after the herd, as if he was only frightened.

Mannul and Jack hit the other young bull, one in the top of the forehead, the other in the trunk. The first bullet glanced off, and the second brought a stream of blood. As Abou Hassan had predicted, away went the young fellow after his brother, in full flight.

"Look out, fellows! Here comes the old man himself!" cried Tom, hastily cramming in a fresh cartridge.

"Keep back, white brothers!" shouted Abou Hassan. "Our turn now."

And at the same minute the old elephant, with a furious roar, came tearing up the slope to attack them, while all four of the Arab Sword Hunters dashed in their spurs, and went off to meet him, as swift as so many birds on the wing, their horses seeming to enjoy the fun, and the riders yelling wildly.

As they neared the elephant, out flashed their swords, and they all scattered around the beast, and attacked him fiercely.

CHAPTER VII.

KILLING AN ELEPHANT WITH A SWORD.

It was a splendid sight to see Abou Hassan and his brothers attacking the old bull with no weapon but their swords, and seemed to the boys perfect madness. But, when they saw the way the sword hunters went to work, they altered their opinion.

As the Arabs came near the elephant, the whole four scattered on either side, so as to puzzle the creature which to attack. Abou Hassan swept past on the right, two of his brothers on the left, while the youngest, Solim, who was a slim boy of light weight, went almost up to the animal's nose before he turned.

When he did turn he was not twenty feet from the old bull. This seemed to decide the elephant, who had stopped, and was pawing the earth, and trumpeting fiercely, with uplifted trunk. The old fellow gave a scream of rage, and "went" for Solim like a mad creature.

Away galloped the boy, before the elephant, with the beast's trunk hanging almost over the horse's tail, but in a very few jumps the rider began to gain upon him.

Then Jack Curtis uttered an exclamation of wonder, for Solim actually began to pull at his horse, and let the elephant catch up, so that it seemed every moment as if the boy must be captured, as he looked back over his shoulder, and shouted at the elephant, exciting the beast to tenfold fury.

But, while Solim was leading on the old bull in the delusive chase, the rest of the Hamraus were not idle. As soon as they were past the elephant, they all turned round like lightning, and came tearing up behind at full speed.

Abou Hassan was the first, close to the bull's hind-leg. Then the active chief suddenly leaped out of his saddle, going at full speed as he was, ran three or four steps on the ground, with his sword lifted in both hands, and made a tremendous blow at the elephant's hind-leg, just above the hool.

The boys could see the whole operation perfectly, for Solim was leading the elephant across their front. They saw a great red gash, two feet long, appear in the huge hind-leg, and heard a loud crack as the back sinews parted. At the same instant the elephant stopped as if it had been shot, and remained standing, utterly unable to move. Solim pulled up and all the hunters gave a shout together. The elephant's foot was turned up in front just like an old shoe, and the beast was disabled.

There it stood, roaring, and lashing its trunk to and fro, holding up the wounded leg, and standing on the other three.

Then young Solim walked his horse back toward the bull, and stooped from his saddle to the ground, whence he picked up some dirt and threw it at the elephant. This insult enraged the old fellow so much that he tried to put down his foot and hop forward on three legs, to punish the saucy boy.

But that was just what the Arabs wanted. Abou Hassan was watching his opportunity, and, just as the elephant strained to reach Solim, he ran forward and gave a mighty blow at the unwounded leg, opening a second awful

gash, from whence the red blood spouted out all over the Arab.

That finished the poor old bull. As the second sinew parted, with a loud crack, he fell on his knees, and remained there, with the blood pouring from the hind-legs like the stream from a pump.

Abou Hassan stooped down and plucked some dry grass, with which he carefully wiped his sword clean before he did anything. Then he took the long leathern scabbard from his saddle-bow and used it on the edge of the sword, as if the blade had been a razor. The boys could see him strapping the weapon with great care, feeling the edge with his finger, and going at it again as if he never would have it sharp enough.

They rode down to see him nearer and as they did so the old bull tottered to and fro a moment, and came crashing down on his side, dead. Abou Hassan had cut the arteries of both hind-legs, and the elephant had bled to death from the wounds.

The boys were wonderfully pleased with their friends, the sword hunters. Jack Curtis, especially, who was fond of the sword, and anxious to know how to use it, was delighted with the battle. He came to Abou Hassan and begged for permission to see the blade which could make such cuts. The Arab showed it to him very politely, and told him to feel the edge. Jack did so, and found that it was really and truly as sharp as a razor, for he could cut a single hair in two by just striking it over the edge of the sword.

"And do you make these weapons yourselves?" asked Jack, when he had admired the keen edge.

"No," Abou Hassan said. "We get them from the traders, who bring them from over the sea. My father bought this when he was a boy."

Jack looked at the weapon again very closely. He thought it must be one of the famous Damascus blades he had read of. But no. They were all curved, he remembered, like a sickle. This was a long straight sword, that came as high as his breast, with a simple cross hilt of iron, and on the blade was stamped, in German text, "Adam Schmidt, Solingen."

Then Jack remembered that he had often heard of these Solingen swords as being of such good steel that you could cut a cast-iron stove with one without hurting the edge, and also remembered that he had one himself, with a very handsome steel scabbard.

But then he knew that that was no sharper than a common table-knife, in fact not quite so sharp. So he resolved to have it ground the first opportunity.

"And how do you get them so sharp?" he asked Abou Hassan, while the others, with their swords, were cutting out the long white tusks of the elephant. "Have you any grindstones?"

"We sharpen them first on a wet stone," answered the Arab. "It takes a week to sharpen a good sword, for the steel is very hard, and one must do it slowly. Afterward we keep it strapped, three or four times a day."

Jack was recalled from his talk by Bullard, who cried:

"Come, Jack, come. The rest of those elephants are getting away. Let's go after them."

Then Jack turned and saw that it was true. The rest of the elephants were over a mile off, now, up the river, on their way to a forest at some distance. The horses were still fresh; Abou Hassan thought they could catch up; so away they went, leaving the dead elephant behind them.

The race was full of excitement, for the elephants had a long start, and were making for the cover at good speed. Mannul's horse was the swiftest of the party, and the way was down a gentle slope, so that he went at a tremendous rate of speed, leading the crowd by several lengths, and gaining.

Young Solim was second, Tom and Jack neck and neck for the third place, and Abou Hassan, with his two other brothers, was the last. They came up with the herd, hand over hand, as the elephants were going up a steep bank at the other side of the river, having crossed between two of the river pools when the hunters came down the other slope. Over the bank was a small belt of open country and then some young forest.

When the elephants had scrambled to the top of the bank the boys were down to the other side of the river. And now the chase grew very close.

Down the first bank clattered the horsemen, across the dry bed of the river, and up the bank on the opposite side, which they topped while the herd was yet in the midst of the open. Here Curtis, by a liberal use of his spurs, managed to shoot to the front, for Jack was an accomplished rider by this time. He had had practice enough to make him one. Tom followed him, and they both came up on the right of the herd, nearly together, at the very edge of the forest.

There was no more fight in the elephants. They were in full flight.

Jack Curtis threw up his rifle as he galloped by within ten feet of the bull and he and Mannul had hit before. He had loaded his rifle with an explosive copper shell, aimed behind the shoulder and fired.

Crack! went the gun, and the bullet went thump into the elephant, which stopped, staggered, fell on its knees, struggled up again, and finally stumbled slowly off after the rest. Jack stuck to his game, and put in a fresh cartridge. As he did so, Hamet, the oldest of Abou Hassan's brothers, came tearing by, and leaped off his horse behind the bull.

Flash! went his sword, as the Arab made a furious cut, and the elephant was brought to a standstill at once. But the rifle-shell had already done his business, although the immense strength of the beast had enabled him to get up and stagger on. As they looked the bull shook all over, and fell crashing down, dead; and Jack had again triumphed, in killing the first elephant of the party, outside of the Arabs.

He looked round and a very exciting scene was taking place. Bullard was firing into the other bull; and every time he put in a shot the elephant turned on him and charged. Tom put spurs to his horse and galloped away, till the elephant got tired and gave up the chase. The instant it did so, Tom turned back, galloped alongside, and put in another bullet, behind the shoulder, which brought another charge, for Tom's bullets were too small to kill an elephant, and he had not thought of using shells, which Curtis had found so useful. But Bullard stuck to his game like a leech, firing away at short range, till the poor creature stopped at last, exhausted from loss of blood.

Meanwhile, the rest were not idle by any means. Mannul Garcia was the coolest of the three boys, although he was not such a good shot as the Westerner. He watched his chance, galloped up into the herd, and sent a steel-pointed bullet into one of the female elephants' heads, between the eye and ear, in the temple. It was an experiment, to see if he could kill an

African elephant with a head shot, and it succeeded. The game went down all in a heap, and Mannul had triumphed, too.

But the Arabs had done best of all. A flying herd, well scared, was the very thing for them. Abou Hassan had stopped three elephants, and each of his brothers one apiece, before they got into the forest, where the swordsmen could not get at them. Then the party pulled up, very well satisfied. Ten of the herd had been bagged altogether, including the first bull killed by the sword hunters; and now Abou Hassan and his brothers rode back, and finished off the elephants they had before only stopped, for the deep sword-cuts had crippled them so completely, that they could not stir a foot from where they were left. But a second cut soon bled them to death.

And now came the question what should be done with all these huge carcasses? If they were left alone they would putrefy before the next day, and the country would be unbearable.

When Mannul asked Abou Hassan the question, the Arab smiled.

"Cut out the tusks," he said. "The meat will find eaters before night."

And Abou Hassan was correct. Up to that time they had hardly seen a soul, but before noon there came straggling in, from all round the country, hundreds of people, Arabs, Gallas, Abyssinians and others, most of them half-starved, who flocked round the carcasses like ants.

They were all nearly naked, and carried short spears, with very broad heads, shaped like a laurel leaf, and sharp as razors. They flocked to the huge carcasses, howling like wolves, coming in crowds from their distant villages, hid away in the mountains and woods. These people had probably been watching our hunters all the time, and expecting their first full meal for months, for an elephant's hide is too thick to be pierced by their puny bows and arrows. They dashed at the dead beasts, and in a very few minutes were cutting away the meat in great slabs, fighting and screaming among each other, covered with blood from head to foot. They actually jumped inside of the carcasses and rooted out the entrails like wolves, presenting a sight disgusting enough to the white hunters.

"Those are not your people, are they?" remarked Mannul to Abou Hassan.

The Arab smiled disdainfully.

"No," he said. "Those are the miserable mountain tribes, that crawl on foot, and have no swords. My people are the kings of the land. You shall see them some day. These are but the dogs of Base."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 332.)

PRAYER.

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

Oh! when, with fretted palm, we cry,
"Lord, save us from despair!"
Yet with no feeling in our heart,
Dead silence is our prayer.

But when, with anguish in our heart
So great we think to die,
We merely turn our face to God,
Our silence is a cry!

OLD DAN RACKBACK.

The Great Exterminator:

OR,
THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN THE HUNTERS' CAMP.

The night passed quietly away, and the sun arose in a soft, hazy sky. The birds in the little clump of pines twittered and sung in glee. The rangers were astir early, making their meal on a number of prairie hens killed by Dan and Kit, and served up by the cook of the party in good style.

After breakfast the horses were brought in, saddled and bridled, and in a few minutes more the band was in motion.

The few hours rest had infused much of the wonted vigor into the rangers' bodies and spirits. The Triangle was livelier than common, and Kit Bandy seemed unusually exuberant and jolly.

Across the plain in the bracing air of the rosy morn, the little band galloped along, keeping their course directly north. The keen eye of Dakota Dan, as well as that of Kit Bandy, allowed nothing to pass unseen; and suddenly an exclamation burst from the lips of the former as he drew rein.

"A wagon track!" he said, dismounting, "and now, I dare say, it is the trail of Major Loomis' party!"

He knelt down in the grass and searched for the imprint of the horses' hoofs in the earth.

"Ah—ha!" he finally exclaimed, "I have got it—they're p'inted north and wear'n' shoes with eight nails each, and heel and toe corks. That's the major's trail."

"How old, friend Dan?" would you say it are?" asked Kit.

"Bout two days old. I'd think it war made the day behind yesterday."

"Then by ambling along right peartly, we may overhaul 'em some place this side of the north pole."

Dan remounted his mare, and the party moved on. An unbroken expanse of undulating prairie lay before them. The horizon alone was its limit, and a long, tiresome ride lay before our friends.

Idaho Tom became the subject of conversation now. His young friends expressed the greatest fears for his safety.

"There is no doubt in my mind," said Darcy Cooper, "but that Tom knows something of that girl of whom you spoke, Kit."

"I be-lieve you, Darcy," said Bandy; "I thought I could see the impetuosity of a boy in love when I told him the gal's name. The way he rushed off convinced me of my first conviction. And, what's more, that I never told before, the gal herself like to went into hysterics of joy and fear, when I told her Idaho Tom and a party of friends were surrounded on the bottom. Oh, you can't fool me on love, boys; I've been thar to my heart's content, and can show more scars of skillets, billets and such—the result of my first love—than any other man that ever hopped at the sound of his wife's voice. Great horn that blew down old Jericho! if any man would 'a' dared told me before I married her, that Sabina would snatch me bald afore the honeymoon was over, I'd put up a job for the undertaker. I swar, she was the dingiest, dandiest lovin'est critter that ever wore red hair afore we wedlocked; but after that, it war rouse, ye Romans."

"Love is a queer thing, ain't it?" said old Dakota Dan. "I had a little tech of it once, but reekivered without any fatal attack. But, ha'n't I seed a few cases of it since? Hav'n't I, Patience, my mare here, and Humility, my dorg

thar, helped a few lorryers outin deefickilities! Rather think we've! The hardest and technician case that I ever seed, though, war down at Albuquerque. A gay and gaudy young chap came in thar once from the States, and went to dash in' around like all git out 'mong the senoritas, just smashin' hearts all to darnation. He seemed to be sweetest on one Anita Rappallo or some sich a name. She war the most skrimptious little Mexican gal I ever set eyes on. Her form war like that of a fairy—her face like that of the princess of beauty. Her big black eyes, in which slumbered the soul of love, were soft and lustrous. Her nose war perfection—her lips just as luscious as a baby's. The most roguish and tomping little dimples lurked in her cheeks and chin. And her hands—they were the plumpest, tiniest little things you ever saw. Anybody would have loved her for her beauty, and shy, timid, and childlike nature. Her father war a rich old don, and she war the only child; so in course, Captain Augustus Casser Kane set his cap for her and her legacy. He paid his respects to her for a long time and finally it war rumored that they war to wed; but by-and-by the old man failed in business and he'd nothin' left for the captain but Anita. But this took the biggest slice of the gallant Kane's heart, and he finally went down and informed his adored little Anita that it would be impossible for a man in his station to wed the child of a penniless father—that they'd have to postpone the wedding for a while, at least."

"The onery scamp!—to go back on sich a little angel," said Kit, with contempt.

"Of course, you can imagine her feelings, can't you? You can imagine that on bended knee and with tears in her lovely eyes, she begged her beloved Americano not to desert her, can't you? You can imagine the sobs and heartbreakin' appeals of the poor little pleadin' angel, can't you? You can imagine how her little hands were clasped over her bosom to still her throbbin' asein' heart, can't you?"

"Yes, yes!" replied Kit, "and my heart bleeds for her, poor thing."

"Then just stanch the blood, don't shed another drop, for Anita didn't do any sich things as you imagine. No, sir—ee! She just put her plump little hand into her throbbing bosom; yanked out a tiny little pistol and put a chunk of lead through her beloved Americano's system; and then with royal dignity, waltzed away and smiled sweetly on Colonel Red Gershone. That's what my little fairy did."

The rangers burst into a peal of laughter in which Kit Bandy joined with a hearty good cheer.

"Score one for Dan!" exclaimed the old ex robber; "I expected to hear of his Anita dying of a broken heart and bein' waffled to the land of the blest. But, no; come to think, the average Mexican senorita is skal to the California weemin of the old type."

Thus conversing, the party rode on, and as the sun neared the noon-tide meridian, they halted for one hour to allow their animals a respite from the day's journey, and to crop the dry grass.

They feasted their own hunger on the remnants of their morning repast, then resumed their journey.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when they came in sight of two white-topped wagons standing in the edge of a little grove some two miles in advance. That they were the wagons of Major Loomis, they had not a single doubt. They could see horses, and now and then persons near the wagons moving about.

Riding forward they approached the grove. A man on horseback came out to meet them.

He was a young man—in fact, had it not been for the heavy mustache that shaded his mouth, one would have taken him for a youth of sixteen. His eyes were black and searching; his hair was of a very dark color, and hung over his shoulders in long wavy locks. His form was lithe and graceful, his hands small, and his features of an effeminate cast. His skin was almost as brown as an Indian's.

He was dressed in a suit that seemed entirely original, as if dictated by his own fancy and taste. He carried a brace of revolvers and a hunting-knife, and bestrode a fiery little mustang, caparisoned with a Mexican saddle and bridle.

Kit Bandy recognized the pony and saddle the moment he saw them. They had formerly belonged to Prairie Paul's band. But the rider was an entire stranger to them all.

"Gentlemen, I hail you as friends," said the young ranger, for such he evidently was.

"That's fair enough," replied Dan, "and arter you tell us somethin' of yerself and yer backin', mebbe we'll do the same."

"I, sir," the youth said, in a rather pleasant tone, "am Antelope Arth, or in other words, Arthur Clayton. I presume it is not necessary to give you a full history of my career; though I will say, incidentally, that I have, for the past year, been a bearer of dispatches between the forts on the upper Missouri, and have given sufficient guarantee of the same to Major Loomis and party, who are enc

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We are ever happy to give aid and comfort to correspondents who require information, advice or sympathy. To answer all queries is not possible, but to the great majority of questioners we can reply satisfactorily. The department of answers can be made a source of great utility and good, especially to the young folks; but, if it is *improperly* conducted, it, without doubt, a source of insidious harm.

Sunshine Papers.

Remarkable Events.

I NEVER can recollect dates. Perhaps because I always was hopelessly stupid concerning figures. I remember when the person used to actually despair of ever making me comprehend the difference of the dial plate of a clock and the connection between its hands and symbols and the hours and minutes of the day. At such times he would sigh deeply, and indulge in the prophetic remark "I am afraid that child will never have any head for mathematics." And, truly, she never did. I generally know how my account stands with my publishers, and to how much the entries upon the Dr. side of my bank-book should amount, and I self-immolate myself, daily, upon the columns of an expense book—this latter being an experiment terribly trying to my fortitude—but beyond these little trifles I am innocent of any knowledge numerical, and dates are my detestation.

Why, if you asked me in what year I was born I should have to go through quite a mental formula, such as: "1876 minus—(Did you suppose I was going to let those horrid type-setters arrange for recollection in black and white just how old I am?) leaving 16—" before I could answer, though one would suppose that my *debut* upon the stage of life was quite a remarkable event and the date a memorable one; and, no doubt, it was quite an event to the near relatives and friends, yet the date is not nearly so familiar to my mind as is 1776.

Another date that is tolerably fixed in my memory is 1876—in connection with the great Centennial show at Philadelphia. You may have heard of it. Then there was the remarkable event of a man building a castle in Spain—a castle that took the aerial shape of an undiscovered country—and his going to sea, to look for the place from which branches of strange trees floated, and his finding this country for us in which to hold a Centennial Exhibition; this was in 1814, or 1419, or There! I told you so!

As you see I'm getting mixed, figuratively, please omit to look with critical eyes upon the dates of the other remarkable events I design mentioning, all of which are far more wonderful than the above.

In 1877 two of a new species of "female women" were discovered in the United States. They were like a "large majority" of females in that they were young, handsome, and rich. They shocked the world, however, by discovering traits of character that even Darwin would be at a loss to trace to any known ancestry. One—Miss Bravery—made the following awful answers when addressed by Mr. Shoddie, in this manner:

"Paris is a delightful place; indeed it is the most delightful place in the world. Ah, America is a beastly place after Europe, do you not agree with me?"

"No, sir, Paris is delightful, but so are many other places; and to every true man and woman, his or her own home must be the most delightful place in the world. And I consider America as lovely a land, physically and socially, as any in Europe."

"You—ah—quite amaze me. Surely you spend most of your time abroad; and of course you fled to Europe for refuge last summer."

"I am fond of travel and frequently cross the ocean, but I do not spend most of my time abroad; there are so many of the scenes of my own land with which I am still unfamiliar. I did not visit Europe last summer. I was not, until the time of your last remark, aware that the United States was then dangerous, so I stayed at home and went to our Centennial Exhibition."

Mr. Shoddie was carried from the room in an expiring condition, and Miss Bravery lost prestige in society, and her name was forwarded to P. T. Barnum as that of an animal curiosity he would be wise to secure immediately and exhibit closely caged. The other strange specimen of womanhood, Miss Sensible, when courted by a distinguished foreigner with a long title and a short bank account, declined to share his honors upon the ground that she was engaged to a clerk, who earned a salary of eight hundred a year, whom she loved! She was only saved from incarceration in the State Insane Retreat by a quiet and speedy marriage to the husband of her choice.

In 1899 a distinguished and honorable man occupied a high public position for four consecutive months without any scandal being attached to his name. Another remarkable event connected with the same date was the appearance of a daily paper in which several truthful statements were discovered. That was a year in which people largely adopted Millerite views and prepared for a speedy ending of all things earthly.

In 1900 two New York young ladies, elegantly and fashionably attired, passed each other upon a public thoroughfare without looking each to get a back view of the other's costume. In the same year Boston ladies dressed in severe grays, occupied prominent places in the legislative halls of their State, and demonstrated through new and incontrovertible geometrical, geographical, and astronomical rules, that Boston was not only the hub of the universe but its entire sum and circumference. Also, in that year a young woman was found who kept a secret several weeks; and another who had lived to be twenty years old without making an unkind or careless remark about any of her acquaintances. I must add—though it is not a remarkable event—that the latter lady never lived to celebrate her twenty-first birthday.

It seems to us that these are among the most remarkable events that have occurred within the history of the world; and, though they have not yet appeared upon any calendar, we hope our readers will not fail to make a note of them.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MIND WHAT YOU SAY!

WHAT singular expressions some people use to convey their meaning; and sometimes they think the speakers rather flippant, while they may be the best creatures at heart and feel deeper than the words they utter. For instance, a young friend of mine, speaking of the death of one of his schoolmates, remarked, "I am sorry but I can't help it." He really was sorry, and felt exceedingly grieved at the loss of one whom he had almost loved as a brother, but his expression was somewhat odd, and, to many, would have sounded the same as if he had said, "I don't care." I knew him better than that, and I thought, perhaps, we are likely to condemn people for want of feeling when the real trouble is that they are unable to express themselves as they should. While we are censuring them of a want of heart, we should think it is more a lack of a proper way to express those feelings which emanate from that heart. How many there are who, imagining they are sympathizing and condoling with afflicted friends, only make them feel their loss more poignantly, and, instead of healing the wound, only tear off the bandage and let it bleed afresh. They harrow instead of soothe the pain. They may be well disposed, kind-hearted and have the best of feelings, but they express them so strangely that they are looked upon as tormentors instead of comforters.

Quite a benevolent old lady was once listening to a person who stated that she had lost father, mother, sisters and brothers, and that, oftentimes, she felt quite alone in the world. The good dame peered through her glasses, and after surveying the speaker for a few moments, exclaimed, "And I suppose you came to me, why you should be left? When so many of one family go I don't know but it's best to have 'em all go. But it's the way of the world, my dear. The good are always taken and the vile, wicked and depraved left."

To many that speech would have seemed quite insulting, but the old soul meant no harm. She thought she was getting off some fine speech, and doubtless thought her remarks contained much of comfort and were most appropriate. She neither meant what she said nor said what she meant. It was her way, although certainly an odd way. She had a tender heart and would never have done the slightest thing to injure a person in deeds, much less in words.

She was always speaking of her dear little Willie, who was expected home, and in anticipation of his coming asked me if I wouldn't purchase for her a small book to present to him. I bought a fine illustrated edition of "Mother Goose's Melodies," and you may imagine my consternation when her "dear little Willie" came home and proved to be a bearded man of forty years, and a deacon in the church. He must have thought I was the author of the melodies I had sent him. I thought he was her grandson, when she was his own mother. She either forgot how time had flown, or maybe he was always "dear little Willie" to her.

I know of one lady who is always known to say, when she hears of any one repeating what she has said, "I'm jealous some one told you." That word "jealous" didn't seem to come in very far there, for my notion of jealousy was something fearfully tragic—a sort of Othello rushing after Desdemona to smother her with a pillow. Shakespeare had given me that notion, and I have a good deal of faith in the "Bard of Avon," yet I looked in my dictionary and found that to be jealous was to be suspicious, so the lady wasn't far wrong. I found out; but I think "suspicious" would have been a better word to have used than "jealous."

And when folks want you to direct a letter for them, why can't they say so and not ask you to "back" it?

Folks say they *enjoy* poor health and *enjoy* fearful trouble, when they mean they *suffer* them. Why then do folks say their sufferings are enjoyments?

People ask you to except presents and except contributions, when they mean *accept*, and why they cannot say so is a mystery to me, since they must know the difference.

A little forethought given to some of these things will be likely to make your meaning more clear and less liable to be misunderstood, and you will not be accused of want of heart, want of sympathy and a want of education. It is well to have the maxim, "Think before you speak," ever before you. Don't you think so?

EVE LAWLESS.

CONFIDENCE.

If we would have more confidence in our own abilities, and rely more upon our own judgment in matters which concern our own welfare and progress, we should not make so many mistakes or have so many errors to answer for.

"Good advice is never out of place," and it is something we often need, yet, when two persons offer it—and each of a different kind—we are forced to have recourse to our own judgment. We are not self-reliant enough; we underestimate what we are capable of performing; we become embarrassed, and in distressing situations, and, instead of endeavoring to battle bravely through them, we are more inclined to give up or seek some one else's aid. Persons have been placed in trying situations where they saw no prospect of earthly help ever coming to relieve them. They were well aware that "something must be done," and they did it. The very excitement of striving to extricate themselves from their difficulties served to banish any despondent feelings they would have likely indulged in.

"Well," we argue, "others may be able to accomplish this achievement or surmount that obstacle, but we are sure it is not in our power to do so." How can we be sure until we have tried? We may gain much by the effort of trying, but we certainly never can by sitting down in idleness and bewailing our hard lot, which, by the way, is not quite so hard as we endeavor to make it.

If you desire to engage a person to work for you, do not be too quick to listen to what others have to say unfavorably of him. The world is more apt to speak of the ill than the good of its people. Of course, we do not expect to find perfection among our brother men, yet we are not all bad, and oftentimes the good we possess outweighs the ill. It does not seem Christianlike to speak badly of others when our own merits may be greater than theirs. Rely more on your own judgment in selecting your workmen and do not expect any more of them than there is in the general run of humanity, for if you expect to find absolute perfection, you will be woefully disappointed, and you will have to seek it in other spheres than this globe of ours. It is one of those discoveries which will never be made.

Yet, for all this, there are an immense sight of good people among us and around us, if we were but willing to trust them; the fault lies most at our own door. We are inclined to think well of our fellow travelers until some one says an unfavorable word, and then we commence to doubt. We cannot know, for certain, when the fruit is sweet until we have partaken of it, and we can never know how true or false others are until we have had dealings with them and tested them.

Trust not too much to others or to their opinions; have confidence in your own judgment and in yourselves.

F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

The Fountain of Youth.

AFTER a very long search in which I wore out several pairs of boots I at last succeeded in finding the celebrated Fountain of Youth, and took possession of it in the name of myself.

I used to be an old man and was getting older at the rate of twelve months a year without stopping; age was creeping over me like the cold chills, and I was afraid I would soon be too old to be good, and was in danger of spoiling. I was a good deal older than I ever was in my life, though I wouldn't have been half so old if I had not married so young, and got a mother-in-law.

Well, I bathed in this Fountain, and the consequences were I began to shed my old age; the wrinkles in my face began to fall out, I began to grow young and smaller, until I stopped at twenty-eight, and am now in the prime of life; just the same young man that I used to be when, on grandpa's hills I fed my father's flocks of pigs.

I was so well pleased with the renewal of my youth, which I had accidentally lost so long ago, that I concluded to stay there and live, and so established a hotel at the Fountain for the benefit of mankind and people generally.

This has now got to be one of the most frequented summer resorts in America, and as I own the fountain you can imagine that I am getting out of debt fast; before many years I will be clear out; for I had a good deal dew and much is due.

Old people flock here in abundance, and old folks who "would they were a boy again" go away renewed.

The pile of canes, crutches, wigs, false teeth, etc., would astonish an astonisher.

Of course some accidents have occurred, but they were not my fault, for I have printed rules. For instance—a man of forty was engaged to a young lady of twenty-five. Well, he wanted to be made a little younger and so came here full of hope and expectation, and of course happy. But he stayed in a little too long, and the sad consequence of it was he was reduced to a child three years old. He was worried to death; he could never marry the girl he adored. It was a bad affair, but I told him that if he would just renew himself, send for the girl and have her youth renewed. She came; but, when she saw how it was, she fought against it; so on his behalf we threw her in the Fountain and held her there until she was two years old; so there is yet some chance for a marriage, in 'eighteen or twenty years, perhaps.

An old man thoughtlessly waded in and afterward his body became that of a small child, but he failed to get his head under, so his head remained as old and large as ever, and when we put him all under we found his body was reduced still in proportion to his head, and we had to give him up as a spoiled job.

Some men are so averse to bathing at all that we can't, even on the promise of youth, get them to go into the water at all, and are often compelled to throw them in.

One poor man (I feel sorry for him but he's better off now) thoughtlessly stayed in so long that he went down to nothing and couldn't be found. I hope he doesn't blame me. I had to settle for him with his stricken family, though it wasn't fair.

Another man carelessly bathed his head in a bucket full of this water and in a few minutes his head was that of a boy's of five years old.

A well-known poet stayed in too long in the pursuit of youth, which he had often sighed in considerable numbers for, and was reduced to a child, with all prospect for future fame gone. He was taken home in a baby-wagon, distressing his family very much. His wife, I learn, got a divorce and is married again.

A man thoughtlessly drank some of the water, which is expressly prohibited in the rules, when his inside soul was immediately changed into a boy's, and the man is a very poor piece of personal property now.

So many accidents have happened to those who are too anxious to get young that I am looking around to find a Fountain which will

counteract disasters and make them older, rather than leave them to the slow process of time.

Men even send notes and mortgages here to get them renewed, and a pair of old boots plunged in this Fountain come out with the full vigor and bloom of youth.

A little of this water sprinkled on old and infirm butter will straightaway bring it back to the freshness of its immortal days of immaturity.

It is true that this Fountain has been a great injury to the Centennial cause by renewing a great number of centenarians, and people will blame me for discovering it this year, but I don't care for my part.

Old chickens left in too long go back to the original shell and have to be hatched over.

Here is a chance to get your youth back if you don't get your money back.

One thousand dollars for every ten years' reduction; no reduction on the price.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—During the Mexican war one of the Generals came up to Captain Bragg and said, "Captain, the crisis has arrived! fire!" Whereupon Captain Bragg said to his lieutenant, "You hear what the General says—fire!" The lieutenant said, "But, captain, I don't see anything to fire at." "Fire at the crisis!" said Captain Bragg. Boys who are puzzled to know what to do for a living, or what calling to pursue, *fire at the crisis*. Don't go and do something that somebody else can do better, but just keep a sharp eye open, see what is most wanted, and what you can do best, then fire away!

—One of the saddest results of the war is the almost total extinction of the rice industry in the Cape Fear district. Immense tracts of rich swamp land, drained at immense cost, ditched, banked and cultivated with the Society of a garden, have reverted to nature and become a hideous morass. The ruin is so complete that it seems impossible now that money or labor can ever again retrieve it. The low price at which rice is raised in other countries makes its production here, for the most part, unprofitable; hence some other use for the vast rice swamps of the Southern coast States must be devised. In slave days it was possible to raise rice profitably at four cents per pound; now it is impossible at six cents per pound.

—A colony of Icelanders have taken a tract of land fifty miles long by twenty wide, on the coast of Lake Winnipeg, in Manitoba, and several hundred of them will settle there this season. This is, undoubtedly, the beginning of the end of the abandonment of Iceland. That island certainly is becoming less and less habitable. Its hardy people now have a desperate struggle merely to sustain life. Denmark offers no asylum for the emigrants, so they have turned their eyes to British America, where land can be obtained for the asking, and a few years hence may witness a prosperous Danish colony on the great Northern lake.

—Speaking of the changes in climate which certainly are taking place, in various sections of the globe, it is a fact that, only a few years since, rain was unknown upon the northern part of the Red Sea, but since the Suez Canal showers have fallen regularly about once a fortnight. The result has been to start vegetation up, even upon the Asiatic side, in the most wonderful manner. Things go on as they have begun, the sands of the isthmus will be covered with forests, I am sure. A portion of the portion of the great desert is now a garden. The basin of a dried-up sea—about 126 of our square miles of its surface now being below sea level. The rest of it is 1500 feet above sea level, and this all would blossom with magnificent verdure as soon as the sea was let in and rains be a common visitant of that now rainless region.

—Question of sex in oysters seems as yet not positively determined. At present it looks as if all oysters had reproducing powers. At certain seasons of the year oysters are filled with eggs. These eggs are microscopic, and give birth to myriads of little oysters, which we call spawn. This spawn remains for a certain length of time in the shell, when in proper season it leaves it, swimming with remarkable agility and seeking the place where it will remain as a fixture during its life—or until a "saddlercock" transfers it to the martyr's gridiron. Glad to know that the "long" inhabitants of the shelly cell is a reproducer on his own individual responsibility. When we eat bivalves hereafter we won't discuss the question of sex.

—The depreciation of silver in value is becoming a matter of most serious consideration to more nations than one. The gradual accumulation of the stock of silver has gone on for a half-century, until now the supply so far exceeds the demand that a depreciation in value seems inevitable. Including the year 1873, it is estimated that the total production of silver, since the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus, has been \$715,000,000, the largest source of the stock of silver has gone on for a half-century, until now the supply so far exceeds the demand that a depreciation in value seems inevitable. Including the year 1873, it is estimated that the total production of silver, since the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus, has been \$715,000,000, the largest source of the stock of silver has gone on for a half-century, until now the supply so far exceeds the demand that a depreciation in value seems inevitable.

—Very romantic was the way in which the Emperor of Austria became acquainted with his wife. It was expected that Francis Joseph would become affianced to his cousin, the Princess Sophia, eldest daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, and he went to his uncle's castle to make her acquaintance. The Princess Elizabeth was only fifteen, and very beautiful. So, as she had three older sisters of less attractions, she was commended to stay with her governess, and not show herself during the visit of her Austrian cousin. But being gay, and brimful of curiosity to see the youthful emperor, she hid herself in a corridor along which the imperial guest, who had just arrived and was then dressing for dinner in rooms set apart for his reception, would have to pass in going to the banquet hall. As the young sovereign passed along the corridor, the princess, who was watching for him, sprang out of her hiding-place, and, catching him by the arm, exclaimed, "I am crying, crying, 'Cousin Franz, cousin Franz.' I wanted to see you, and they wouldn't let me, and so I hid myself here to see you go by." The young emperor fell in love with the beautiful vision on the spot, and soon entered the drawing-room with his young cousin on his arm, and presented her to the amazed circle of relatives and courtiers, who were awaiting his appearance, as "the Empress of Austria, my engaged wife."

—Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his recent admirable work on the "Diseases of Modern Life," devotes a chapter to a subject to which he has repeatedly alluded, and to which, in view of the ailments which are occurring during the Centennial, the attention not only of those in training for such contests, but of those who favor athletic sports in all forms, may well be directed. We mean disease induced from physical strain, physical overwork, in short, which too often reduces the fairest specimens of muscular humanity to subject wrecks. Dr. Richardson brings to the consideration of this important topic a variety of new thoughts and suggestions, and these all tend to show, first, that excessive physical culture is useless, and, second, that it is hurtful. We can confirm this by our own observation and inquiry. Of those who have, in young manhood, exercised severely in the gymnasium, or taken prizes in the athletic clubs, how many, when mid-life came, were perfectly sound men? That's the test. Avoid all severe exercise as you would avoid severe bursts of passion, severe drinking.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Port;" "One of the World's Mysteries;" "The Songs We Sing;" "John;" "The Time We Knew;" "When She Willa She Will;" "Major Thornton's Wooling;" "Old Shoes;" "A King's Rival's Consent;" "Saved by a Servant;" "Bagging an Express;" "The Phantom Signal;" "Adventures in Far West—series;" "A Land-slide;" "The Nymph of the Rose-room;" "Mother Jane's Cross;" "A Sweet Loss."

J. E. V. "Map from Texas," by Albert W. Aiken, is now published in the Twenty Cent Novels series, which also includes all his noted Dick Talbot series. Jno. W. S. We are publishing and have known of any one who does publish a Bohemian-French dictionary. Write to F. W. Christen, foreign bookseller, New York.

Jno. St. John. The serial romance promised in Vol. II. never was published—hence its failure to appear. We usually have all of a MS. in hand before making any announcement, as there is many a slip, etc.—Capt. Fred. Whittaker is an Englishman by birth, we believe, and is wanting the greater portion of his life in this country.

GEORGE THOMAS. We cannot supply the papers with the three stories named.

E. A. Henry Ward Beecher is sixty-three years of age, and is in admirable health.

CONSTANT READER. The barbers use a common wax candle to lay the hair and the mustache.

GEORGE. The Revolutionary War had been inaugurated one year or more before the Declaration of Independence was adopted.

MISS CELIA. Don't take the sea excursion if you get seasick so easily. Go up the Hudson River. That is never rough. With good company it will be a delightful trip to Albany and back.

FRAN. Humor, unless it is very good, is not likely to be available. A pun, a joke, or about catatropie, may make a laugh when well suited and acted, but when put in type may read as stale soda-water tastes. To read and effectively it must have especially good point.

SAGUENI. It is not good for consumptives to go to warm climates. They are enervating. In winter, to avoid our harsh and very severe cold, it is well enough to go to the South for a few weeks. Summers are better spent in the North.

LORENZO E. A. Wine is "spirit" if it contains any intoxicating quality. If a wine contains no spirit (alcohol) it is very stale and flat. Such wines as sherry, Madeira and port contain a considerable percentage of spirit, and are therefore classed as strong wines.

DILLY. An old horseman says, to break a baking horse, take the tail of the horse between the hind legs, and tie it by a cord to the saddle-girth, or tie a string around the horse's ear close to his head. Try one or both devices.

GRASSHOPPER JIM. "Ready-Eye" ran through seven numbers—price six cents each. The contracted forms are the singular and plural of the word *manuscript*.—If you wish to write to the author named, direct to the publisher.

CLARENCE E. A. We know but little of the so-called "Liberal League," but, judging from its published programme of performances for its "Centennial Congress," we should judge it as a kind of Mutual Admiration Society of people who, like the band of the late Fanny Fern, believe in little law and less gospel.

BERTHA MARIE. We must commend you to any good mythologic dictionary for the "history" of the Graces and the Nine Muses. It would absorb much space to give it fully here.—Your writing is very pretty and proper. Thank you for your "pleasant mention" of our paper. We do try to please people who know how to discriminate between what is good and what is questionable or trashy.

SUE. Sashes are much worn for evening dress and picnics. A sash of the proper material, color, length, and tie it by a cord to the saddle-girth, or tie a string around the horse's ear close to his head. Try one or both devices.

BROTHERMA'S BOY. According to population, China takes the lead in the race among the principal States of the world. According to territory extent, Russia is first. China has 423,213,152 inhabitants in an area of 3,954,627 square miles; Russia, third in population, has 125,000,000 inhabitants, has an area of 8,404,767 square miles.

CHICAGO A. Memory is greatly improved by *trickery* it. "Mnemonics," or the science of memory, used to be taught, but has since been almost entirely abandoned. It was simply associating given facts with ideas or thoughts with certain *obj.-cls.* Commence practice by memorizing poetry—then prose—then facts—then dates—Soften the memory by rubbing the head with glycerine or cocoa oil, and wearing a pair of old kid gloves at night.

KITTY. If editors have accepted and used so many of your poems it seems hardly implies that you ought to feel encouraged and respond to their wishes; but be very careful not to write hurriedly nor without painstaking care. Young writers are very apt to be both careless and to over-estimate the character of their work. Better write one good poem a month than a dozen poor ones. Other answers next week.

G. W. D. McD. We can supply the papers containing "Happy Harry" (306-315)—price six cents each.—The range of the rifle named is according to its use. The hunting rifle is from three hundred yards to six hundred yards; the target rifle from eight hundred to twelve hundred yards. See SATURDAY JOURNAL No. 327-329 (Answers to Correspondents) in regard to rifles. Buffalo Bill and his confederates are both now in Government service as scouts and Indian trailers.—Consult any good drugist for a good hair-oil emulsion.

W. J. L. writes to correct our item about the salaries of governors, saying that Governor Tilden, New York, in 1874, received but \$4,000 per year, and that Governor Tilden is the only governor of this State who has been paid \$10,000 per year. Pennsylvania commenced paying her governors \$10,000 per year in 1874.

DASH. We did take out the "swear" from the MS. Oaths or very bad language never look well in print. No matter if they are true to nature. They are not, for that reason, to be given. Many things "true to nature" are decidedly unpalatable and to be avoided—such as words that are stylistic or blasphemous language or gross and licentious conduct. We want none of this in our matter.

JULIA W. Your surroundings evidently are not congenial. You are "justified" in using all proper favoring circumstances to break the monotony and forget the discomforts of your situation. 2d. If your friend, Miss L., cannot stay nights with you, there is no good reason why you should not accept her "cordial invitations" to spend an occasional night with her. Formality between real friends is hardly excusable. 3d. If she wants you, equally with herself, to enjoy the long summer, then, as your next room friend, it is but courteous to accede to her wishes. She evidently is very good-hearted.

SELF HELPERS. We are glad to hear from "two young ladies who make and renovate" all their own clothes; and we gladly assist you. Rip up your black cassimere suit, and trim it with a yard upon a line in a good breeze. Dissolve a tablespoonful of borax to a quart of water, and dip the cloth in the mixture and hang by the edges to drain and dry. Or sponge off only with the borax and water. Press, while slightly damp, upon the wrong side. It will look like new. Of the under-silk breadths make a very long over-curtain, trim with a four inch bias fold of black silk; and upon the right side add a fancy box-plated pocket, finished with bows of silk. Take some old black dress skirt, or a skirt of black cambric muslin, and trim it up, and a yard deep, with the former cassimere trimmings mixed with silk. The old over-silk breadths will make a new basque to which add silk sleeves. You will need about three yards and a half of silk and it will cost from \$1.50 to \$2.25 per yard.

MARION J. You should respond immediately, verbally or in writing according to the manner in which the invitation was made, to all invitations. Because you "cannot go" is no excuse for not replying to the invitation. Write, *within three days*, your regrets or acceptance. It is by no means obligatory that you should accept, or that entertainment should be engraved. It is now quite fashionable, though far more troublesome, for ladies to prepare their own invitations. A person receiving one should feel complimented at being favored with the result of his fair friend's own handwriting.

WICK. EDNA P. We do not care to make this column a repository of good recipes, as you suggest. There are too many excellent Cook Books about to make this necessary. The "Old Maid's Pie" which you ask for, and which you cannot find the recipe for, is as follows: Fill the pudding-dish two-thirds full of apples sliced, and then make a bisc

WHY.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Because thy heart has never once betrayed me,
But buoyed my own through darkness up to
day;
Because the rose wherein I shall array thee
Gives never sign that it shall fade away—
But yields unto my senses sweeter sweetness,
The closer that I press it to my breast;
Because of this I know but incompleteness
In others' love—and so I love thee best!

The Men of '76.

DE KALB,

The Soldier of Honor.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

OUR war for independence enlisted the warmest sympathy of many brave and good soldiers of European renown—Lafayette, Steuben, Charles Lee, Montgomery, Kosciuszko, De Buysson, Pulaski, Doudourey, but not one of these eminent men gave to our cause purer motive, nobler mind or more generous nature than Baron De Kalb. He was a soldier of the rarest type—devoted to his profession, incorruptible in honor, cautious and wise, and withal a conscientious Christian gentleman. A whole life in the army had not affected the kindness of soul that left behind so sweet a memory of the man; and that one as faithful and true should not have lived to enjoy the liberty his leadership and counsel so much aided to achieve, was the great Washington's earnestly expressed regret, as he stood over the martyr's grave in Camden.

Lafayette brought with him a number of gallant Frenchmen when he first came to our shores, almost all of whom entered the American army and served, in various capacities, from subordinate to division general. In his train was Baron De Kalb—a German by birth (1717), but for many years an officer in the French army—running through all the grades of promotion, from lieutenant to brigadier-general, and achieving the high honor of Knight of the Order of Military Merit. It really was his second visit to our shores, for in 1757, he was chosen by the French government, in consequence of his prudence, valor and integrity, to the performance of a very delicate duty.

Great Britain and France then being at war, a secret agent was decided upon, to proceed to America with orders "to learn the points at which the colonies were most vulnerable and how far the seeds of discontent might be sown in them toward the mother country." De Kalb was selected for this important but most hazardous trust. Like a good soldier he obeyed orders which must have been distasteful to one of his upright, honorable mind, and imperiled his life by acting the spy and incendiary. Coming into America he traveled much in the guise of a German obtaining information; was arrested but escaped detection, and escaped into Canada, fully convinced that the colonies would fight loyally against the French, but also assured of one fact—that the day was only put off by the war with France, when the colonies would rebel against the authority of the mother country. The knowledge which he obtained on this mission excited in him a high admiration for the American character and love of liberty; so that, when the war of the Revolution broke out, he was among the first to favor the revolt, and thus became known to the ardent boy-soldier, the Marquis de Lafayette. De Kalb did so much to encourage the young noble's scheme that opposition of court, friends and military was overcome, and the expeditionary ship, with good old Ben Franklin's blessing, departed secretly from France for America, [see sketch of Lafayette,] having De Kalb as one of its passengers.

Reaching Philadelphia, (July, 1777), the Frenchmen were much disappointed with their reception by Congress. Lafayette, upon arrival sent into Congress (which always sat with closed doors) his letters from Franklin and others; whereupon Mr. Lovell, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, answered the marquis' call, the next day, by coming to the door and explaining to him that Congress was greatly embarrassed by the multitude of applicants for army commissions, and therefore giving the young man of twenty but slight hopes of his employment. Not discouraged, the enthusiastic soldier wrote to the War Committee: "After my sacrifices I have the right to ask two favors—one is to serve at my own expense; the other is to commence by serving as a volunteer." This noble offer by a marquis of illustrious name, elicited the warm admiration of old John Adams and others, and Lafayette was commissioned, with Washington's hearty assent, major-general, July 31st, 1777.

De Kalb patiently bided his time. The veteran soldier, silver-haired with his sixty years, was soon recognized and his fame acknowledged. His athletic frame seemed only the more soldier-hardened by its years; his remarkably abstemious habits peculiarly fitted him for campaigning in a service where beef soup and bread had to be shared by officers and men alike. Lafayette stood by his old friend, and the result was a major-general's commission (September, 1777)—to date with Lafayette's commission.

Lafayette was appointed to command the winter Canada expedition conceived by the "Conway Cabal," of which Gates was the head. The object appears to have been to draw the Marquis from Washington's "military family," and thus to make him seem to side with the cabal, whose purpose was to force Washington to resign, that Gates should become commander-in-chief. Lafayette read the plan fully, however, and by his admirable management called De Kalb to his side. This set aside the intriguing and treacherous Conway, who expected the second place, to carry out the scheme. De Kalb was then with Washington at Valley Forge, doing service of incalculable advantage in perfecting the army organization and departments. While the noble and zealous Baron Steuben actually served as drill-master—setting an example of soldierly devotion that astonished American officers—De Kalb was hard at work on the army personnel, examining officers, reforming abuses, establishing symmetry, order and discipline. He was, after the brilliant campaign in New Jersey, following the dreadful winter at Valley Forge, placed in command of the Maryland division, and it was, ere long, evident from its efficiency, that a master soldier was in command. Its services were always in requisition where steadiness and reliance were essential, and before the year's close, the division ranked almost first in the whole army for discipline and efficiency. Washington and Lafayette were especially proud of it and its good example.

When it became evident that Sir Henry Clinton was to move upon Charleston, to attempt the subjugation of the Southern States, De Kalb was detached (June, 1780), as the only division which Washington could spare, for Lincoln's reinforcement. It was then in itself more powerful in its excellence than in its

numbers, and was detailed to the Southern department to give Lincoln one "regular" division around which to build his army of new levies and partisans.

Proceeding by the slow process of daily march, the division found its weary tramp embittered by want of rations. The preparation for his reception and subsistence was made along the route, and the General, much against his wishes had to make in numerous instances, forced levies for his sustenance. These aggravations grew until the march came to a halt, July 6th, at Deep River, North Carolina, from whence De Kalb wrote to Congress and the Governor of North Carolina, depicting his situation, the necessity of some provision for the troops before attempting to march further South. Charleston had fallen, and the army under Lincoln had literally disappeared. Only the partisan brigades of Sumter, Marion, etc., were actually in the field, but these were of recent formation and of no determinable strength. To advance toward Camden, his objective point, without provision for his support, was a folly of which he could not be guilty, he awaited a reply to his petitions.

July 25th, General Gates rode into camp. He was the new commander, assigned to the Department of the South, to retrieve, if possible, the disasters to Lincoln, and to stay the progress of Cornwallis' arms in South Carolina. De Kalb received him with due honors, and was only too glad to transfer to him the responsibility for further movements; but the veteran was surprised at Gates' orders for an immediate forward movement to Camden. De Kalb and his adjutant, Col. Williams, both represented the sterile nature of the country before them, and the almost destitute condition of the commissariat, but Gates, in his authoritative vainglory, persisted in the order, and the march was made, through a region of pine barrens, sand-hills and swamps. It was a most distressing passage, in which man and horse suffered dreadfully, until the Pedee was crossed. Gates seemed oblivious to the rights of soldiers to humane treatment.

Junction was made with the North Carolina militia and a small body of Virginia regulars and about seven hundred Virginia militia. With these and De Kalb's regulars, Gates pushed forward toward Camden, where Lord Rawdon then was, with concentrated forces, quite ready for the "Conqueror of Burgoyne;" and when Gates reached Rugeley's Mills, (Clermont), twelve miles from Camden, August 18th, that day Cornwallis himself arrived at Camden, from Charleston, with strong reinforcements, and to supervise the impending action in person. Camden was excellently disposed for defense and had been strengthened with redoubts until it was equal to a field force of twice its garrison of two thousand men.

Gates' army numbered, all told, about three thousand and fifty-two, fit for duty—two-thirds of them militia. On the 15th he pushed on toward Camden, by night, hoping to surprise his enemy. That same night Cornwallis marched out of Camden to surprise Gates, at Clermont, and at two o'clock the next morning the advance guards collided—much to the astonishment of both parties. From prisoners taken on both sides, each leader learned that the entire force of each army was on the ground. De Kalb had most earnestly protested against the advance from Clermont—indeed, had questioned the policy of any attempt upon Camden until the Continental forces were duly prepared—which they were not, by any means. Now that the British garrison of Rawdon, strengthened by one thousand regulars under Cornwallis, was on the American front, by surprise, the brave and prudent Baron was alive to the imminence of the danger, and advised an immediate retrograde, under cover of the night, to Clermont. Gates was insolent over the suggestion, intimating that cowardice had suggested the retreat. The Baron flung himself from his horse, and exclaiming, "A few hours will prove who are the brave," placed himself at the head of his Marylanders, with one Delaware regiment in reserve—about one thousand and strong. These took the Americans in the rear, the North Carolinians the center, and the Virginians the left.

At daybreak the enemy was seen advancing, when Gates ordered forward the Virginians to strike the enemy in their act of deploying, but the enemy were in solid column, and the American advance broke before that terrible array of solid ranks, and, in spite of the officers' wild efforts to retreat in order, the militia, throwing down their guns, soon became a disordered rabble, running away as fast as their legs could carry them. Seeing this, the North Carolinians caught the distemper of fear, and began to break ranks. Then came Tarleton with his horse brigade on the charge. De Kalb's steady ranks never wavered, but the whole American center soon began to move in a body, and De Kalb found himself alone on the field—one thousand men against three thousand. Gates had "come to rally the militia," as his aids explained, and was seen no more on that ground.

The Baron now consolidated his ranks and received the charge of the entire British force. It was an awful crisis, but that disciplined remnant of a division stood by its commander, firm as adamant. The crash of musketry and roar of artillery soon was lost in the fierce shouts of the *mêlée*, for the two forces came together, and the conflict became almost a personal combat. Pressed back by sheer numbers, crushed and torn, the ranks closed up, for while De Kalb fought on, the Marylanders knew no surrender or retreat. The Delaware regiment came gallantly forward and mingled in the fight. Slowly the Americans were driven back, but, though repeatedly broken, they reformed under De Kalb's steady eye and magnificent command. Then Tarleton, having widely scattered the militia, and killed great numbers as they ran, returned, and making a furious charge on De Kalb's flank, drove them back into an adjoining swamp and woods, where lines were broken beyond reform. That was the propitious moment for the bayonet to do its work, and the whole British line, with set bayonet, advanced to the charge. Then the struggle became slaughter. De Kalb, ever in front, received wound after wound from the bayonet, and at last fell, with thirteen holes in his body! Over him there occurred a wild and maddening fight. De Buysson, his aide, covering his form with his own, shouted the Baron's name, and British officers helped to beat off the muskets of the frenzied soldiers, eager for an enemy's death.

His fall really ended the struggle. When De Kalb's noble form went down, his troops had no more to fight for, and the disasters of that wretched day knew none greater than the loss of this brave and generous man. He was, of course, taken prisoner, along with the chivalric Chevalier De Buysson, and survived but a short time. His wounds were over all his body, and past all human skill to heal. Cornwallis lamented deeply the Baron's sad state and did all in his power to ease his last hours. These the brave old man spent in dictating a letter to General Smallwood, who would succeed him in command of the division. In that letter he expressed the warmest admiration for

his men and affection for his officers—eulogizing their bravery and devotion. When the chill of death touched him he extended his hand to De Buysson, who was stretched, desperately wounded, beside him—wounded in trying to save his commander—and with a benediction on him and his dear division, the General ceased to live, the words dying on his lips in a whisper.

De Kalb, though sixty-three years of age at his death, was then in vigorous health. He was of athletic frame, of remarkably simple tastes and correct habits, industrious, generous; prompt and precise in action, he never forgot the rights of others, and though a strict soldier in exacting obedience and duty, he was ever a lenient master.

Congress expressed its high regards for the man, the soldier, and the patriot, in the monument which it ordered erected over his remains in Camden.

Black Eyes and Blue;

OR,

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Parity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER IX.

RED ROSES AND STOLEN SWEETS.

In every large city there are a few men like Fraser Harold; imperfect products of over-civilization, one might say. Sons of rich fathers, indulged from the drawing of their first breath, pampered in every way, they grow up with nothing to do but to amuse themselves. There is very little of the tough fiber of manhood in their make-up. Pleasure is their pursuit, not their recreation, and as such, frequently becomes such hard work, that they let even that go, and sink back into utter supineness.

Fraser Harold had more brains than some of his class; he had considerable taste for art, and sometimes read a book or so, and could talk about it. He had fastened himself, as it were, on his neighbor, Mr. Rhodes, as a vine fastens on a pillar.

Whenever he was ennuied to death of his lady friends, his club, his horses, his yacht, his pedestrianism, his cravats, he would run in upon Redmond Rhodes, to talk about "pictures and things." In this way a sort of friendship had grown up between the two men, arising out of their own likeness.

Fraser admired the dignity and integrity of his calm neighbor; who, in return, had envied him his airs of easy arrogance and his hundred little graceful ways of appearing brilliant on small capital.

The Harold mansion joined that of Mr. Rhodes—was another one of those ample, luxurious twenty-five feet front houses, inside of which goes on, in our magnificent metropolis, such lavish, superb living. Fraser had two sisters, both younger than himself, and both married—one lived with her husband in her father's house along with Fraser and the parents. This sister was always selecting pretty girls, out of the best society, for her brother to marry, and he was always declaring that a married life was not to his mind. When men get to be thirty, with the club habits and principles of Fraser Harold, they are not apt to change their brilliant freedom for the monotony of well-kept—especially as their vanity is generally satiated by the knowledge that they can have their choice of the proudest, purest, most accomplished girls, if they will only ask for a wife out of the number.

Fraser went away from his farewell morning call on his friend with a thought working more actively than usual in his indolent brain. Redmond, foolishly sensitive as to what might be inferred by the presence of a young and beautiful girl in his house, had indiscreetly confided to him, under his promise not to divulge the facts, the story of the little refugee, and that he had consented to allow her to remain under his housekeeper's protection during his absence. A dozen times during the day Fraser laughed to himself over the artless way in which Redmond had told him the story.

"But the child's as safe with him as she would be with her mother. I never saw such a fellow as Redmond is! The soul of honor—and as unsuspicious of others as he is himself immaculate. Ten to one that bright-eyed little beauty is an adventures! He would never find it out, if she were! I do think, as his friend, I ought to look into the matter! I could find out, in half an hour, whether she were really a rural maiden in distress or an artful little humbug, who knew all about Mr. Redmond Rhodes before she fainted on his door-step. I must contrive to have an interview with her! Lucky for him that I don't leave the city as soon as he does! And lucky for me that this little episode will help to fill up the time, until I join Redmond in Newport."

Mr. Harold, senior, had been stricken down, some weeks previously, by a slight attack of something resembling incipient paralysis, and this melancholy accident was detaining the family in town beyond the customary time. Fraser had resolved—his father now being able to sit up, and indeed, to huddle about his room—that the other members of the household were sufficient to remain in waiting; and had expected to start off in a day or two; now he meekly resolved to attend dutifully upon his parent, another week, and do what he could, meantime, for the interest of his absent friend! Unselfish kindness!

The only thing he could think of on the day following Mr. Rhodes' departure, was to walk up and down in front of the house a few times:

"If she is a flirt," he said to himself, "she will contrive to let me know that she observes me."

Poor Florence! time did pass wearily, monotonously enough, as soon as the excitement of Mr. Rhodes' departure was over. She spent the first evening in reading a novel; but novels were not too plenty in the solid library of the house, nor was she found of any other class of reading.

"Oh, how shall I ever endure six weeks of this!" she sighed to herself, as she walked aimlessly about, peeping out through the closed blind, first of one window, then of another.

"If I could even find the shutters wide open, or walk in that park—or go out shopping! But no, I must even trust Mrs. Plimpton's taste to select the material for a dress or two! I dare say I shall see a sky-blue muslin, or a *de belle* in big plaids, when the package comes home. Oh, dear, dear, dear! who is that walking by the house so often? What a handsome—what an elegant creature! Oh, I recollect now! it is the gentleman who came into the library as I was going out of it, yesterday morning. He is looking for me!" and she clapped her hands, gleefully, while the color rushed over her triumphant face. "He need not deny it. He is looking hard at the drawing-room windows! I wonder if Mr. Rhodes could have told him anything about me! I suppose he did, and the

gentleman is naturally interested. Oh, dear! what a splendid joke! 'My face is my fortune, kind sir, she said,' trilled the slender maiden, in a low voice, full of suppressed excitement, and she whirled up to one of the sumptuous mirrors lining the great room, and took another long, fond look at the pretty, flying figure and glowing face, which, dim as the light was, laughed out at her like a sunbeam.

All her weariness was gone in a moment. She had not the least thought of anything wrong, for she was dangerously ignorant for one so willful and so unprotected, but she immediately determined that the gentleman should not be entirely disappointed.

"If he comes by again, he shall know that I have noticed him," thought the foolish child, happy to be admired. "I must have made quite an impression on him, in the half-minute before I got out of the room. And he is so splendid! Even Mr. Rhodes is not so perfect. Poor Charlie Ward! I can afford to laugh at you, since I have had the opportunity for comparison. Ah, here he comes again! I will move the slats just a little—not enough for him to see me, but to let him know that I am here."

Fraser Harold, walking deliberately by for the eighth time, had a glimpse of a tiny white hand turning the slats of the shutters; instantly his fine cambric handkerchief went to his lips, he passed on, returning no more during that day or evening.

The following morning, about ten o'clock, the door-bell having rung, Mrs. Plimpton herself attended the summons—James had gone with his master—only the chambermaid and the cook's assistant were in the house, besides herself, the cook having gone to Long Branch, either to enjoy the sea-air, or to hire out at extra wages during the period of Mr. Rhodes' absence. On the door-step stood Mr. Fraser, pleasant and polite as ever—a book in his hand.

"Mrs. Plimpton, if you will allow me, I will step into the library a moment and return this volume—which I borrowed of Mr. Rhodes—to its place. He is particular about his books; I don't like to have the responsibility of it all summer—it might go astray."

"Certainly, Mr. Harold; very true. But I'll take it in myself, and save you the trouble."

"Not the least trouble in the world!" brushing by her and hurrying on into the library; there was no one in it; but he was not discouraged by this.

Laying the book on the table, he dropped his handkerchief on it, and came out instantly, bowed slightly to the housekeeper, and ran lightly down the steps.

Hardly had the door closed before Florence flew down from the upper regions.

"I had such a fright!" she said, pressing her hand to her heart. "I thought Mr. Rhodes had returned, and I would have to leave you, Mrs. Plimpton!"

"It was only a friend of his, next door, returning a book."

"Oh!" and Florence, after watching the dragon, dusting the drawing-room *bric-a-brac* with an old white-silk handkerchief, for a few moments, slipped into the library, on the other side of the hall.

Her quick eye saw the handkerchief at once; she took up the book and shook it—a note dropped out. This she hid in her pocket, left the book and handkerchief as they were, and made her way to her own room. The perfumed billet was written in French, so that the dragon, if she had fallen upon it, would not have been any the wiser. Florence was a coquette by nature; her eyes sparkled, as with a little hesitation, she made out the contents of the note:

"MADAME:—My friend Rhodes—one of the noblest fellows who ever lived—has told me a great deal about you. I know that it would please him if I could do anything, in his absence, to make your imprisonment less tedious. I know, too, the difficulties."

"You must not be talked about; nor must Mrs. Plimpton be offended. If I could coax her to allow you to slip out and go on to the city, I would do so, your secret would be safe with us, and my sister would be very kind to you. At present, perhaps we had best not venture so much. I have thought of something. To-night Mrs. Plimpton will attend the weekly prayer-meeting of her church; it is likely the servants will take the opportunity to do a little visiting on their own account."

"May I call on you? I know how you must suffer from your imprisonment, and I would bring my sister; but she happens to have an engagement. If you admit me, I promise to make a very brief call—say twenty minutes! For fear Mrs. Plimpton may ask you to go to church, you might complain of headache! If you knew how much Mr. Rhodes thinks of you, you would have no hesitation in accepting my offer of friendship, made half from compassion for your loneliness and half from the selfish wish to do myself a pleasure."

"Your neighbor and friend, F. H. P. S.—There are some red roses on the library table. If I may come, display one of those roses on the window-sill."

Alas, poor little foolish Florence! Nothing but over so flattered her vanity as that note. Her cheeks burned and her heart beat all day; she was quite happy, and went about humming snatches of song, restless as some brilliant tropical bird. Mrs. Plimpton was coaxed to go out and purchase for her a ready-made white dress, on the plea that the Quaker silk was too warm, in that weather.

"And bring me some fresh flowers, please, Mrs. Plimpton. They are all I can have of the summer weather, while I am so shut up."

Florence came down to tea, in the white dress and the fresh blossoms; the housekeeper thought she might venture out to church, by wearing her Quaker bonnet; but the young lady shall not be to risk it.

"Thank you, I will sit in the library with a book I am reading."

It was not until tea was over, and the long summer twilight made the signal almost distinguishable, that her trembling fingers got courage to hang the red rose on the sill of a drawing-room window.

The pious housekeeper went off to her prayer-meeting; the two girls stole out the basement-door for a little visit to their friends; Florence had the library well-lighted, and felt quite satisfied with her own appearance; the white, soft dress became her dark beauty more than any other; the carnations in her purple hair and on her bosom were the very color of her pink corals. She had not one idea that what she was doing was dangerous. Born and bred with the belief that her beauty was to bring her all the gifts of Cinderella's godmother—a golden coach, and a prince, among them—she looked on the advances of this brilliant stranger as the natural, inevitable result of her own supreme attractions.

Fraser Harold was too familiar with every leaf of woman's heart not to perceive this, as the piquant little beauty received him with a gracious, proud air, as if she were a princess who had condescended to be amused by one of her retinue. The dark, bewitching eyes were fearless, clear and pure; the little girl was a lady who would resent the first appearance of a liberty. Ignorant she was, indeed, laughably so, of some of the formalities of city life; coquettish, too—charmingly vain and coquettish—but innocent of evil intent or suspicions.

Her *naïveté* was something delicious to the wisest man of the club. Yet he could not divest himself of a feeling of respect for the girl, who was walking straight over a narrow and rotten plank, as if it was the gayest and safest promenade in the world!

"Your twenty minutes are up," said Florence, consulting her tiny watch with a grave air that made her unutterably charming. "You must go now, Mr. Harold. I am ever so much obliged to you for taking so much trouble to entertain me. I wish your sister had come with you. I know I shall like her if she is—here she came to a sudden stop, blushing delightfully.

"At all like her brother; you were going to say—were you not? Thank you. I wish I could make it seem right to Mrs. Plimpton for me to call every evening; but I know she will not allow it."

"I call her the dragon," responded Florence, laughing.

"Good! I shall have no other name for her from this time forward."

"But you must go, Mr. Harold."

"I know it. I wish I was not so certain of it. When shall we meet again. There is a key to the park gate in this house. I believe the dragon would let you walk in the park every evening a half-hour for your health."

"She would offer to go with me."

"She would get tired of it, after a trial—the night-air will give her rheumatism—and after that she will let you go alone."

"I will see, Mr. Harold, what can be done. You might bring your sister to the park."

"Oh, of course!" hastily. "I'll arrange that," and he held out his hand.

Florence shook her head, and her girlish laugh rippled through the room.

"I don't know you well enough to shake hands with you yet."

"Then I can only hope that our acquaintance will improve," and he bowed respectfully and went cautiously away.

But when Florence met him in the park, opposite the house, two evenings later, his sister still had engagements, and they walked about together for a delicious hour under the kindling stars and the murmurous, shadowy trees. Fraser was fascinated by his companion; she was so unlike any other girl. But he was not in love; he had none of those plans of marriage which the childish little thing who clung to his arm had already begun to build in the airy future; he had no conscience as to the consequences to her of his sweet, flattering, *sub rosa* attentions. What he sought—with the pitiless persistency of a Sybarite—was a passing amusement; but for her—already her past life was an idle dream, without meaning; she had never lived till now! How poor, pale and faded was her school-girl life in that dull New England village! How different was this revelation of what was possible, as soon turn back, after one's foot is set in Paradise, to the dull, plowed fields of earth. Even her vague resolves to be avenged on Violet, through Charlie, were obliterated in the intense glow of her present experience. And Fraser Harold knew that he had secured her heart, and that the fluttering captive was in his power.

CHAPTER X.

PERSONALS.

PALE as a statue of Despair sat Madame D'Eglantine on that sunny September morning which should have witnessed her and her daughter's departure for New York. A few fleeting weeks of more than mortal happiness had been hers, after seventeen weary years of strife with a world that seemed to league all its forces against her; and now the battle was to be fought over! Peace, the white dove, had flown afar—all was doubt, distress, turmoil, while at her mother's heart tugged a heavy anguish worse to feel than any trouble for herself had ever been.

She sat in one of the deep windows of the old-fashioned parlor, a letter, which young Ward had brought in from the post-office a few moments previously, lying in her lap, her head drooped, her hands hanging idly, her eyes on the floor.

Mr. Vernon was striding up and down the length of the room, evidently laboring under intense excitement. He was pale, too; and a dark frown made stern his usually placid countenance. Charlie stood by a table, his hat in his hand, as if about to go; yet he lingered, wistfully regarding the blanched face of the lady by the window.

The letter which had caused her pallor was in a handwriting familiar to all of them and ran on something in this fashion:

"EMILIE:—You may be satisfied with your revenge upon one who wronged you, but I am not. Unluckily, revenge, however natural, is likely to push the innocent along with the guilty. I do not complain of anything you have done to me. Yet—I wonder, will you sleep any the more soundly when I tell you that my wife is dead—died one week ago, and was buried, without my once having seen her—died of the disgrace you inflicted, with pitiless justice, upon her at her child's—of grief for the step that child took in running from us to hide herself from the trouble about to descend. An innocent woman is dead—an innocent woman revenged! I wish you joy."

"But, madame, you ought to know me too well, to rest as secure as you appear to have rested, in your work. When I found that the one creature on earth I ever really loved—my girl, Florence—had fled from me as if I were a tiger, it did not improve the natural sweetness of my disposition. I allowed you to have your own way—since I had no means of preventing it. All the time I was arranging the details of a counterplot, the execution of which would cause you some of the same kind of annoyance you have seen fit to inflict upon me. As my dearest daughter has left me, I must console myself with the society of the other one—who never was a favorite of mine."

"You are clever, acute and learned as my friend Vernon undoubtedly is, forgot to petition that you should be decreed the care of our child! Very likely it now occurred to him that I am to disprove your right. But I do dispute it. Until she is of age—or for about seventeen months yet—I am her legal owner. You will now petition, of course; but long before you can receive your decree I shall be out of the country. In fact, our passage-tickets are purchased, and we are, this moment, on our way to a certain steamer which will convey us beyond the reach of any claims, made by the law upon my person, or for the custody of our child."

"I shall leave an agent at No. 40, — Buildings, New York, who will receive and forward any money you may desire to contribute toward the support of our daughter."

"And now, in conclusion, I have this proposition to make to you. The day on which you give me notice—which you can do at any time through Mr. Blank, the agent referred to—that you have discovered my daughter Florence and decided upon her sum of one hundred thousand dollars, I will send your own puling brat back to your longing arms."

"As I shall be obliged to live abroad hereafter, my own means will be bare sufficient to my own comfort. You are richer than any one person has a right to be. I have no mind that my child should ever enjoy affluence. Beware and submissive. Exert yourself to the utmost, or the benefit of Florence. Otherwise, you may suffer a life-long regret. You know that I do not stop at half-way measures. The fates of those two girls are in the same boat. Take warning from these lines from one who has yet the power to prosecute—one still

"YOUR MASTER."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" murmured Madame, shivering as if with January cold, "he knows well how to wound and to turn the dagger into the wound! I should have been on my guard! I never should have relaxed my vigilance while he lived. Oh, my poor child! He will inflict a million little tortures upon her—perhaps drive her mad with his small persecutions."

Mr. Vernon, you should have warned me—have prevented this thing happening.”

“Madame, I did not know Ethan Goldsborough. I even felt for him great compassion. I could not forget that we had been friends and neighbors. I did not even suspect that he would try to give us further trouble. All we can now do is to try to circumvent his plans to get out of the country. Where was that letter mailed?”

“On the train, at midnight,” answered Charlie. “This is Friday. There are no European steamers leave New York on Friday. Two or three will leave on Saturday. We have plenty of time for them. I will get a yesterday’s Boston or New York paper and hunt out the advertisement of all the steamers, at all the ports. We will telegraph, instantly, to all.”

What a torture is inaction under such circumstances! As soon as Charlie saw there was something positive to do he felt a certain relief from the misery which preyed on his young spirits.

He snatched his hat and hurried off to find a paper and to telegraph. Anxious inquiries beset him at every step; and the news flew swiftly about that the absconding banker had kidnapped his own daughter and was trying to get out of the country with her. Everything was done which could be done by the use of the telegraph to arrest Goldsborough’s flight.

Then Madame D’Eglantine and Mr. Vernon took the noon train out of Lycurgus, desiring to reach New York as soon as possible—before the sailing of the Saturday’s steamers. While they were standing on the platform awaiting the arrival of the train, already in sight, Charlie came running up, carrying his duster and a small valise.

“Do you go along?” asked Mr. Vernon, surprised.

“Yes. I shall never cease my efforts, for a day or an hour, sir, until this tangle is straightened. If Mr. Goldsborough gets off, I shall then make it my business to find Florence. If she is alive, I will trace her out.”

“How about your law studies?” asked his tutor, when they had taken their seats in the car.

“I shall be taking lessons in legal matters that will be worth more to me than the books,” answered Charlie, with a sad smile.

“I expected you to take charge of my house and affairs,” added the lawyer.

“I made Mr. Lyman” (the minister) “promise to attend to everything.”

“Well, I am glad to have you with us,” said the elder gentleman, with a sigh; somehow he felt more reliance on Ward’s young energy and fire than on his own experience.

“And I,” added Madame, with a grateful look. “Of course, I shall see that you go to no expense, Mr. Ward. You must call on me for what money is wanted—and ah, do not spare it! Do not spare bribes, rewards, anything that will be of service. You inspire me with confidence, Mr. Ward; you seem so brimming with zeal and resolution.”

“My life and strength are at your service,” said Charlie, flushing at this compliment from one who had hitherto been studiously cold to him. “Plenty of money is a good thing, too, in a case of this kind. A golden key unlocks many secrets.”

“Use mine at your discretion,” responded the madame.

A warm feeling of hope crept about the young man’s heart. The rainbow, for him, already glimmered athwart the clouds; he would find the naughty runaway Florence, give her back her ring—Violet would be returned to her mother, who, grateful to him as the means of restoring her, would no longer frown down his suit—the ring given back to its owner, Violet would not distrust him—and there, at the end of the rainbow, if he could only come to it, was a wedding-scene of blissful beauty.

Then he dreamed in the swift-flying train. But no things are further apart, in this work-a-day world, than dreams and actualities.

The party arrived in New York on Saturday morning, and had consultations with skilled detectives, who immediately—rendered vigilant by splendid promises—boarded every steamer about to sail, and entered, also, into communication with their brother-officers in neighboring cities. They tried persuasion, threats and bribes, on the quiet, little, shrewd-looking man whom they found at No. 4. Buildings; but he was unyielding as the Sphinx. He smiled at the threats—which he knew were idle; the law could not compel him to betray the whereabouts of his client when the client was only doing what he had a legal right to do, claiming the custody of his own daughter.

The rainbow was fading in Charlie’s sky when he awoke the next morning, in his dull sleeping-room in the hotel, and saw that it was a rainy, raw, disagreeable day; realizing, at the same time, that the city was “considerable of a hay-stack” in which he might search long and patiently for so small a needle as little Florence Goldsborough.

He had not retired to rest the previous night until he had sent to each of the Sunday papers the following “Personal.”

“F. G.—Charlie is in town and wishes for an interview with the owner of the opal ring. He has good news of the greatest importance to communicate. Will F. G. answer, through ‘Personals,’ when he can see him?”

With burning eagerness he devoured the personal column every day of the ensuing week. No response. Meantime madame had selected a handsome suite of rooms in a private up-town boarding-house and settled herself therein; while Mr. Vernon, seeing that nothing had been gained so far, and the search likely to prove a long one, had returned to Lycurgus to arrange his affairs so that he could spend the winter in New York as at first proposed.

On the second Sunday Ward had another advertisement:

“F. G.—Your mother died three weeks ago. Her relatives live at No. — Lexington avenue, where you can hear of her death, by inquiring, V. V. is supposed to be in Europe. So is your father. I have much to tell. Do respond.”

A fortnight more dragged slowly by. It had some consequences. Madame D’Eglantine had no sooner settled down in her elegant apartments than a wild, feverish unrest took possession of her.

“I can not remain here—in this country,” she cried, in the first moment of greeting Mr. Vernon on his return—“my darling is in Europe—who knows but that we may discover her whereabouts by going abroad and traveling from place to place. My heart tells me that I shall find her in Germany. Oh, I feel drawn thitherward by a power I have no wish to resist. Come! We will sail to-morrow—in the Germania.”

“But you have engaged these rooms for the season!”

“Never mind. Mr. Ward shall occupy them in my place. He shall stop here, and continue the search for that willful girl who is making us all so much trouble. I must go. I can not sleep—eat—breathe! I feel suffocated. The suspense is killing me. It comes what I am no longer able to bear it. Only travel—change of scene—the constant expectation of finding my darling, will enable me to endure.”

He was powerless before her impetuous will. Indeed, as he had much business to transact for her in France, and there was little doubt but that Violet had been taken to some foreign country, his own judgment approved the measure. From what he knew of Ethan Goldsborough he inferred that he would seek retirement in some large city—Paris, London, Vienna or Berlin.

Charlie saw them on the Germania, and turning, as the ship got slowly out into the stream, he walked away, muttering:

“And now I must begin in good earnest. Inch by inch I must go over the ground”—a laughable idea, when we reflect that that ground was the great city and its suburb; which stretched about him for miles in every direction, except that toward the rear.

Stern resolution was stamped on the young features which had already gained in manliness, since his experience had been so suddenly enlarged. His boyish diffidence was wearing away under the smoothing hand of metropolitan life; the consciousness of work to do gave him a certain dignity, very becoming to him. He wore his curly locks like a second Hesperion.

Down-town he was hustled in the bustling crowd; but when he left the Sixth avenue car which he had taken, and walked along up to Fifth Avenue, and on toward the house—where a luxurious suite of rooms awaited him, which would have inspired the envy of almost any of the refined fops about him—many a bright eye glanced boldly or shyly, as the case might be, at the handsome rusticus.

Perhaps some of these beauties felt flattered at his earnest observation; but it was only a habit into which Charlie had fallen, of looking into every young and pretty face in his search for Florence’s.

As he sauntered along, lonely and preoccupied—so sad that he almost felt sick of life—his eyes fell, by the merest chance, on the occupants of a small, open carriage which was whirling by quite close to the curb-stone, drawn by a pair of beautiful jet-black horses, whose gold-plated harness flashed in the sun.

There were only two people in the carriage, the gentleman doing his own driving. He was a man to compel a second look—perfectly dressed, driving his spirited team with easy skill, having an expression of refined dissipation on his pale, handsome features.

“I have seen that face at the windows of the clubhouse on the next block,” thought Charlie, and then his eye fell carelessly on the lady who was the gentleman’s companion. He saw an exquisite little figure, richly attired, a tiny hand cased in a lavender glove, but her face was quite concealed by a double veil pinned carefully about her hat as if in care of her complexion. Yet, though the face was masked by the grenadine veil, something in the turn of the round, slender figure, the poise of the head, struck Charlie as very familiar. The carriage had not fairly passed, when he cried out, aloud, so as quite to startle some of the people about him:

“It is Florence!”

He turned. If it was Florence, she had seen him and given the alarm, for the gentleman had already spoken to his mettlesome horses and they were flying along at the highest rate of speed allowed. The carriage turned the first corner and dashed on. Charlie ran in pursuit, indifferent to the curious observers who paused to find out what the matter was.

“Stop that carriage, will you!” he shouted to a dignified M. P. on the south side of the block.

“Too late,” said the officer, shaking his head. “—out of sight, now! Besides, I ain’t no business stopping the carriage of a gent like Mr. Harold.”

“Harold!” gasped Charlie—“then you know him?”

“Like a book,” said the M. P., ostentatiously. “His club is on my beat. See him every day. B’longs to our fast families—regular high-flyer! Don’t care for his money—”

“Any more than I do for mine,” said Charlie, quickly, slipping a fifty dollar greenback into the man’s hand. “I don’t care for Mr. Harold, but if you will find out where the lady lives, whom he had in the carriage this afternoon, I will present you with the twin of that bill.”

“I’ll spend all my spare time, when I’m off duty, till I do find out,” responded the policeman, grinning. “Didn’t think that quiet chap, with a kind of Boston air about him, was up to such tricks that are vain,” he commented to himself, as Charlie went on and he pocketed the greenback.

“If that was Florence—and I believe it was!” murmured Charlie, “I am afraid she has fallen into a terrible snare. What is she doing, out driving with that insolent fellow? By heaven! I would like to wring his neck for him! Ah, Florence! poor, motherless, willful, vain Florence! I tremble for you! I pray that I may find you speedily, if it be not already too late to find you the same innocent little girl with whom I have played, when you wore short dresses and a white sun-bonnet—not so very long ago!” mused the honest young fellow, with a sad smile.

“I’ve had a mind to linger around the clubhouse and shake the truth out of the puppy when he comes back there!”

(To be continued—commenced in No. 550.)

LA MASQUE,

The Vailed Sorceress;

OR,

THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF “THE DARK SECRET,” “THE TWIN SISTERS,” “AN AWFUL MYSTERY,”

“ERMINIE,” ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE DUNGEON.

THE interim between Miranda setting down her lamp on the dungeon floor among the rats and the beetles, and the dwarf’s finding her bleeding and senseless, was not more than twenty minutes, but a great deal may be done in twenty minutes judiciously expended, and most decidedly it was so in the present case. Both rats and beetles paused to contemplate the flickering lamp, and Miranda paused to contemplate them, and Sir Norman paused to contemplate her for an instant or so in silence. Her marvelous resemblance to Leoline, in all but one thing, struck him more and more—there was the same beautiful, transparent, colorless complexion, the same light, straight, graceful figure, the same small, oval, delicate features; the same profuse waves of shining dark hair; the same large, dark, brilliant eyes; the same little, rose, pretty mouth, like one of Correggio’s smiling angels. The one thing wanting was expression—in Leoline’s face there was a kind of childlike simplicity; a look half-shy, half-fearless, half-solemn in her wonderful eyes; but in this, her prototype, there was nothing

shy nor solemn; all was cold, hard, and glittering, and the brooding eyes were full of a dull, dusky fire. She looked as hard and cold and bitter as she was beautiful; and Sir Norman began to perplex himself inwardly as to what had brought her here. Surely not sympathy, for nothing wearing that face of stone, could even know the meaning of such a word. While he looked at her, half-wonderingly, half-pityingly, half-tenderly—a queer word that last, but the feeling was caused by her resemblance to Leoline—she had been modestly watching an old gray rat, the patriarch of his tribe, who was making toward her in short runs, stopping between each one to stare at her, out of his unpleasantly bright eyes. Suddenly, Miranda shut her teeth, clenched her hands, and with a sort of fierce, suppressed ejaculation, lifted her shining foot and planted it full on the varmint’s head. So sudden, so fierce, and so strong was the stamp, that the rat was crushed flat, and uttered a sharp and indignant squeal of exultation, while Sir Norman looked at her, thinking she had lost her wits. Still she ground it down with a fiercer and stronger force every second; and with her eyes still fixed upon it, and blazing with reddish black flame, she said, in a sort of fiery hiss:

“Look at it! The ugly, loathsome thing! Did you ever see anything look more like him?”

There must have been some mysterious rapport between them, for he understood at once to whom the solitary personal pronoun referred. “Certainly, in the general expression of countenance there is rather a marked resemblance, especially in the region of the teeth and eyes.”

“Except that the rat’s eyes are a thousand times handsomer,” she broke in, with a derisive laugh.

“But as to shape,” resumed Sir Norman, eying the excited and astonished little animal, still shrilly squealing, with the glance of a connoisseur, “I confess I do not see it! The rat is straight and shapely—which his highness, with all reverence be it said—is not, but rather the reverse, if you will not be offended at me for saying so.”

She broke into a short laugh that had a hard, metallic ring, and then her face darkened, blackened, and she ground the foot that crushed the rat fiercer, and with a sort of passionate vindictiveness, as if she had the head of the dwarf under her heel.

“I hate him! I hate him!” she said, through her clenched teeth, and though her tone was scarcely above a whisper, it was so terrible in its fiery earnestness that Sir Norman thrilled with repulsion. “Yes, I hate him with all my heart and soul, and I wish to heaven I had him here, like this rat, to trample to death under my feet!”

Not knowing very well what reply to make to this strong and heartfelt speech, which rather shocked his notions of female propriety, Sir Norman stood silent, and looked reflectively after the rat, which, when she permitted it at last to go free, limped away with an ineffably sneaking and crestfallen expression on his hitherto animated features. She watched it, too, with a gloomy eye, and when it crawled into the darkness and was gone, she looked up with a face so dark and moody that it was almost sullen.

“Yes, I hate him!” she repeated, with a fierce moodiness that was quite dreadful, “yes, I hate him! and I would kill him, like that rat, if I could! He has been the curse of my whole life; he has made life cursed to me; and his heart’s blood shall be shed for it some day yet, I swear!”

With all her beauty there was something so horrible in the look she wore, that Sir Norman involuntarily recoiled from her. Her sharp eyes noticed it, and both grew red and fiery as two devouring flames.

“Ah! you, too, shrink from me, would you? You, too, recoil in horror! Ingrate! And I have come to save your life!”

“Madam, I recoil not from you but from that which is tempting you to utter words like these. I have no reason to love him of whom you speak—you, perhaps, have even less; but I would not have his blood, shed in murder, on my head, for ten thousand worlds! Pardon me, but you do not mean what you say.”

“Do I not? That remains to be seen! I would not call it murder plunging a knife into the heart of a demon incarnate like that, and I would have done it long ago, and he knows it too, if I had the chance!”

“What has he done to you to make you so bitter against him?”

“Bitter! Oh, that word is poor and pitiful to express what I feel when his name is mentioned. Loathing and hating come a little nearer the mark; but even they are weak to express the utter—the—” She stopped in a sort of white passion that choked her very words.

“They told me he was your husband,” insinuated Sir Norman, unutterably repelled.

“Did they?” she said, with a cold sneer, “he is too—at least as far as church and state can make him; but I am no more his wife at heart than I am Satan’s. Truly of the two I should prefer the latter, for then I should be wedded to something grand—a fallen angel; as it is, I have the honor to be wife of a devil who never was an angel!”

At this shocking statement Sir Norman looked helplessly round, as if for relief; and Miranda, after a moment’s silence, broke into another mirthless laugh.

“Of all the pictures of ugliness you ever saw or heard of, Sir Norman Kingsley, do tell me if there ever was one of them half so repulsive or disgusting as that thing?”

“Really,” said Sir Norman, in a subdued tone, “he is not the most prepossessing little man in the world; but, madam, you do look and speak in a manner quite dreadful. Do let me prevail on you to calm yourself, and tell me your story, as you promised.”

“Calm myself!” repeated the gentle lady, in a tone half snappish, half harsh, “do you think I am made of iron, to tell you my story and be that? I hate him! I hate him! I hate him! I would kill him if I could; and if you, Sir Norman, are half the man I take you to be, you will kill him too, if the horrible monster before morning.”

“My dear lady, you seem to forget that the case is reversed, and that he is going to rid the world of me,” said Sir Norman, with a sigh.

“No, not if you do as I tell you; and when I have told you how much cause I have to abhor him, you will agree with me that killing him will be no murder! Oh, if there is One above who rules this world, and will judge us all, why, why does he permit such monsters to live?”

“Because he is more merciful than his creatures,” replied Sir Norman, with calm reverence, “though His avenging hand is heavy on this doomed city. But, madam, time is on the wing, and the headsman will be here before your story is told.”

“Ah, that story! How am I to tell it, I wonder. Two words will comprise it all—sin and misery—misery and sin! For buried alive, here, as I am; buried alive, as I’ve always been, I know what both words mean; they have been

branded on heart and brain in letters of fire. And that horrible monstrosity is the cause of it all; that loathsome, misshapen, hideous abortion has banned and cursed my whole life! He is my first recollection. As far back as I can look through the dim maze of childhood’s years that horrible face, that gauged and twisted trunk, those devilish eyes, mop and now, and glared at me like the eyes and face of a wild beast. As memory grows stronger and more vivid, I can see that same face still—the dwarf, the dwarf! the dwarf!—Satan’s true representative on earth, darkening and blighting every passing year. I do not know where we lived, but I imagine it to have been one of the vilest and lowest dens in London, though the rooms I occupied were, for that matter, decent and orderly enough. Those rooms the daylight never entered, the windows were boarded up within, and fastened by shutters without, so that of the world beyond I was as ignorant as a child of two hours old. I saw but two human faces, his—she seemed to hate him too much even to pronounce his name—and his housekeeper’s, a creature almost as vile as himself, and who is now a servant here; and with this precious pair to guard me I grew up to be fifteen years old. My other life consisted of eating, sleeping, reading—for the wretch taught me to read—playing with my dogs and birds, and listening to old Margery’s stories. But there was an inward life, fierce and strong, as it was rank and morbid, lived and brooded over alone, when Margery and her master fancied me sleeping in idiotic content. How were they to know that the creature they had reared and made ever had a thought of her own—ever wondered who she was, where she came from, what she was destined to be, and what lay in the great world beyond? The crooked little monster made a great mistake in teaching me how to read; he should have known that books sow seed that grow up and flourish tall and green, till they become giants in strength. I knew enough to be certain there was a bright and glad world without, from which they shut me in and debarred me; and I knew enough to hate them both for it, with a strong and heartfelt hatred, only second to what I feel now.”

She stopped for a moment, and fixed her dark, gloomy eyes on the swarming floor, and shook off, without a shudder, the hideous things that crawled over her rich dress. She had scarcely looked at Sir Norman since she began to speak, but he had done enough looking for them both, never once taking his eyes from the handsome darkening face. He thought how strangely like her story was to Leoline’s, both shut in and isolated from the outer world. Verily, destiny seemed to have woven the woof and warp of their fates wonderfully together, for their lives were as much the same as their faces. Miranda, having shook off her crawling acquaintances, watched them glancing along the foul floor in the darkness, and went moodily on.

“It was three years ago, when I was fifteen years old, as I told you, that a change took place in my life. Up to that time that miserable dwarf was what people would call my guardian, and did not trouble me much with his heavenly company. He was a great deal from our house, sometimes absent for weeks together; and I remember I used to envy the freedom with which he came and went, far more than I ever wondered where he spent his precious time. I did not know then that he belonged to the honorable profession of highwaymen, with variations of coining when travelers were few and money scarce. He was then, and is still, at the head of a formidable gang, over which he wields most desperate authority—as perhaps you have noticed during the brief and pleasant period of your acquaintance.”

“Really, madam, it struck me that your authority over them was much more despotic than his,” said Sir Norman, in all sincerity, feeling called upon to give the—well, I’d rather not repeat the word, which is generally spelled with a d and a dash—his due.

“No thanks to him for that! He would make me a slave now as he did then, if he dare; but he has found that, poor, trodden worm as I was, I had life enough left to turn and wing.”

“Which you do with a vengeance! Oh! you’re a tartar!” remarked Sir Norman to himself. “The saints forefend that Leoline should be like you in temper as she is in history and face; for if she is, my life promises to be a pleasant one.”

“This rascally crew of cut-throats, whom his villainous highness headed,” said Miranda, “were an almost immense number then, being divided in three bodies—London cut-purses, Hounslow Heath highwaymen, and assistant coiners, but all owing him for their lord and master. He told me all this himself one day, when, in an after-dinner and most gracious mood, he made a boasting display of his wealth and greatness; told me I was growing up very pretty indeed, and that I was shortly to be raised to the honor, and dignity, and bliss of being his wife. I fancy I must have had a very vague idea of what that one small word meant, and was, besides, in an unusually contented and peaceful state of mind, or I should, undoubtedly, have raised one of his cut-glass decanters and smashed it in his head with it. I know how I should receive such an assertion from him now, but I think I took it with a resignation then, he must have found mighty edifying; and when he went on to tell me that all this richness and greatness were to be shared by me when that celestial time came, I think I rather liked the idea than otherwise. The horrible creature seemed to have woke up that day, for the first time, and all of a sudden, to a conviction that I was in a fair way to become a woman, and rather a handsome one, and that he had better make sure of me before any accident interfered to take me from him. Full of this laudable notion, he became a daily visitor of mine from thenceforth, and made the discovery, simultaneous with myself, that the oftener he came the less favor he found in my sight. I had, before, tacitly disliked him and shrunk with a natural repulsion from his dreadful ugliness; but now, from negative dislike, I grew to positive hate. The utter loathing and abhorrence I have had for him ever since, began then when he would make me, and shrunk from my fate with a vague horror not to be told in words. I became strong in my fearful dread of it. I told him I detested, abhorred, loathed, hated him; that he might keep his riches, greatness, and ungainly self for those who wanted him: they were temptations too weak to move me. Of course, there was raving, and storming, threatening, terrible looks and denunciations, and I quailed and shrunk like a coward, but was obstinate still. Then as a dernier resort, he tried another bribe—the glorious one of liberty, and the one he knew would conquer me, and it did. He promised me freedom—if I married him I might go out into the great unknown world, fetterless and free; and I, oh! fool that I was! consented. Not that my object was to stay with him one instant longer, after my prison doors were opened; no, I was not quite so besotted as that—once out,

and the little demon might look for me with last year’s partridges. Of course, those demonic eyes read my heart like an open book; and when I pronounced the fatal ‘yes,’ he laughed in that delightful way of his own, which will probably be the last thing you will hear when you lay your head under the ax.

“I don’t know who the clergyman that married us was; but he was a clergyman; there can be no doubt about that. It was three days after, and for the first time in my fifteen years of life I stood in the sunshine, and daylight, and open air. We drove to the cathedral—for it was in St. Paul’s the sacrilege was committed. I never could have walked there, I was so stunned, and giddy, and bewildered. I never thought of the marriage—I could think of nothing but the bright, crashing, sunshiny world without, till I was led up before the clergyman, with much the air, I suppose, of one walking in her sleep. He was a very young man, I remember, and looked from the dwarf to me, and from me to the dwarf, in a great state of fear and uncertainty, but evidently not daring to refuse. Margery and one of his gang were our only attendants, and there, in God’s temple, the deed was done, and I was made the miserable thing I am to-day.”

The suppressed passion, rising and throbbing like a white flame in her face and eyes, made her stop for a moment, breathing hard. Looking up she met Sir Norman’s gaze, and as if there was something in its quiet, pitying tenderness that mesmerized her into calm, she steadily and rapidly went on.

“I awoke to a new life after that; but not to one of freedom and happiness. I was as closely, even more closely, guarded than ever; and I found, when too late, that I had bartered myself, soul and body, for an empty promise. The only difference was, that I saw more new faces; for the dwarf began to bring his confederates and subordinates to the house, and would have me dressed up and displayed to them, with a demonic pride that revolted me beyond everything else, as if I were a painted puppet or an overgrown wax doll. Most of the precious crew of cut-throats had wives of their own—some of them a trifle of five or six, according to their fancy; and these began to be brought with them of an evening; and then, what with dancing, and music, and cards, and feasting, we had quite a carnival of it till morning. I liked this part of the business excessively well at first, and I was flattered and fooled to the top of my bent, and made, from the first, the reigning belle and queen. There was more policy in that than admiration, I fancy; for the dwarf was all-powerful among them, and dowered accordingly, and I was the dwarf’s pet and plaything, and all-powerful with him. The hideous creature had a most hideous passion for me then, and I could wind him round my finger as easily as Delilah did Sampson; and by his command and their universal consent, the mimicry of royalty was begun, and I was made mistress and sovereign head, even over the dwarf himself. It was a queer whim; but that crooked slug was always taking such odd notions into his head, which nobody there dared laugh at. The band were bound together by a terrible oath, women and all; but they had to take another oath then, that of allegiance to me. It quite turned my brain at first; and my eyes were so dazzled by the pitiful glistening of the pageant, the sham splendor of the sham court, and the half-mocking, half-serious homage paid me, that I could see nothing beyond the shining surface, and the blackness, and corruption, and horror within, were altogether lost upon me. This feeling increased when, as months and months went by, there were added to the mock peers of the Midnight Court, real nobles from that of St. Charles. I did not know then that they were ruined gamblers, vicious profligates, and desperate broken-down rascals, who would have gone to pandemonium itself, nightly, for the mad license and lawless excesses they could indulge in here to their heart’s content. But I got tired of it all after a time; my eyes began slowly to open, and my heart—at least, what little of that article I ever had—turned sick with horror within me at what I had done. The awful things I saw, the fearful deeds that were perpetrated, would curdle your very blood with horror were I to relate them.

You have seen a specimen yourself, in the cold-blooded murder of that wretch, half an hour ago; and his is not the only life crying for vengeance on these men. The slightest violation of their oath was punished, and the doom of traitors and informers was instant death, whether male or female. The sham trials and executions always took place in presence of the whole court, to strike a salutary horror into them, and never occurred but once a week, when the whole band regularly met. My power continued undiminished; for they knew either the dwarf or I must be supreme; and though the queen was bad, the prince was worse. The said prince would willingly have pulled me down from my eminence, and have mounted it himself; but that he was probably restrained by a feeling that law-makers should not be law-breakers, and that, if he set the example, there would be no end to the insubordination and rebellion that would follow.

“Were you living here or in London, then?” inquired Sir Norman, taking an advantage of a pause, employed by Miranda in shaking off the crawling beetles.

“Oh, in London! We did not come here until the outbreak of the plague—that frightened them, especially the female portion, and they held a scared meeting, and resolved that we should take up our quarters somewhere else. This place being old and ruined, and deserted, and with all sorts of evil rumors hanging about it, was hit upon; and secretly, by night, these moldering old vaults were fitted up, and the goods and chattels of the royal court removed. And here I, too, was brought by night under the dwarf’s own eye; for he well knew I would have risked a thousand plagues to escape from him. And here I have been ever since, and here the weekly revels are still held, and may for years to come, unless something is done to-night to prevent it. The night before these weekly anniversaries they all gather; but during the rest of the time I am alone with Margery and the dwarf, and have learned more secrets about this place than they dream of. For the rest, there is little need of explanation—the dwarf and his crew have industriously circulated the rumor that it is haunted; and some of those white figures you saw with me, and who, by the way, are the daughters of these robbers, have been shown on the broken battlements, as if to put the fact beyond doubt. Now, Sir Norman, that is all—you have heard my whole history as far as I know it; and nothing remains but to tell you what you must see yourself, that I am mad for revenge, and must have it, and you must help me!”

Her eyes were shining with the fierce red fire he had seen in them before, and the white face wore a look so deadly and diabolical that, with all its beauty, it was absolutely repulsive. He took a step from her—for in each of those gleaming eyes sat a devil.

“You must help me!” she persisted. “You—yes, Sir Norman! For many a day I’ve been waiting for a chance like this, and until now I

have waited in vain. Alone, I want physical strength to kill him, and I dare not trust any one else. No one was ever cast among us before as you have been; and now, condemned to die, you must be desperate, and desperate men will do desperate things. Fate, Destiny, Providence, whatever you like, has thrown you in my way, and help me you must and shall!"

"Madam, madam! what are you saying? How can I help you?"

"There is but one way—this!" She held up in the pale ray of the lamp something she drew from the folds of her dress, that glinted blue, and bright, and steady in the gloom.

"A dagger!" he exclaimed, with a shudder, and a recoil. "Madam, are you talking of murder?"

"I told you," she said, through her closed teeth, and with her eyes flaming like fire, "that riding the earth of that fiend incarnate would be a good deed, and no murder! I would do it myself if I could take him off his guard; but he never is that with me; and then my arm is not strong enough to reach his black heart through all that mass of brawn, and blood, and muscle. No, Sir Norman, Doom has allotted it to you—obey, and I swear to you, you shall go free; refuse—and in ten minutes your head will roll under the executioner's ax!"

"Better than the freedom you offer! Madam, I cannot murder!"

"Coward!" she passionately cried; "you fear to do it, and yet you have but a life to lose, and that is lost to you now!"

Sir Norman raised his head; and even in the darkness she saw the haughty flush that crimsoned his face.

"I fear no man living; but, madam, I fear One who is higher than man!"

"But you will die if you refuse; and I repeat, again and again, there is no risk. These guards will not let you out; but there are more ways of leaving a room than through the door, and I can lead you up behind the tapestry to where he is standing, and you can stab him through the back, and escape with me! Quick, quick, there is no time to lose!"

"I cannot do it!" he said, resolutely, drawing back and folding his arms. "In short, I will not do it!"

There was such a terrible look in the beautiful eyes, that he half-expected to see her spring at him like a wild-cat, and bury the dagger in his own breast. But the rule of life works by contraries; expect a blow and you will get a kiss, look for an embrace, and you will be startled by a kick. When the virago spoke, her voice was calm, compared with what it had been before, even mild.

"You refuse? Well, a willful man must have his way; and since you are so qualmish about a little blood-letting, we must try another plan. If I release you, for short as the time is, I can do it—I will promise me to go direct to the king this very night, and inform him of all you've seen and heard here?"

She looked at him with an eagerness that was almost fierce; and in spite of her steady voice, there was something throbbing and quivering, deadly and terrible, in her upturned face. The form she looked at was erect and immovable, the eyes were quietly resolved, the mouth half-pitifully, half-sadly smiling.

"Are you aware, dear lady, what the result of such a step would be?"

"Death!" she said, coldly.

"Death, transportation, or life-long imprisonment to them all—misery and disgrace to many a noble house; for some I saw there were once friends of mine, with families I honor and respect. Could I bring the dwarf and his attendant imps to Tyburn, and treat them to a hempen cravat, I would do it without remorse, though the notion of being informer, even then, would not be very pleasant; but as it is, I cannot be the death of one without ruining all, and as I told you, some of those were once my friends. No, madam, I cannot do it. I have but once to die, and I prefer death here to purchasing life at such a price."

There was a short silence, during which they gazed into each other's eyes ominously, and one was about as colorless as the other. Then—

"You refuse?" she coldly said.

"I must! But if you can save my life, as you say, why not do it, and fly with me! You will find me the truest and most grateful of friends, while life remains."

"You are very kind, but I want no friendship, Sir Norman—nothing but revenge! As to escaping, I could have done that any time since we came here, for I have found out a secret means of exit from each of these vaults, that they know nothing of. But I have stayed to see him dead at my feet—if not by my hand, at least by my command; and since you will not do it I will make the attempt myself. Farewell, Sir Norman Kingsley; before many minutes you will be a helpless corpse, and your blood be upon your conscience!"

She gave him a glance as coldly fierce as her dagger's glance, and turned to go, when he stepped hastily forward and interposed.

"Miranda—Miranda—you are crazed! Stop and tell me what you intend to do."

"What you feared to attempt," she haughtily replied; "sheathe this dagger in his demon heart!"

"Miranda, give me the dagger. You must not, you shall not, commit such a crime!"

"Shall not?" she uttered, scornfully. "And who are you that dares to speak to me like this? Stand aside, coward, and let me pass!"

"Pardon me, but I cannot, while you hold that dagger. Give it to me, and you shall go free; but, while you hold it with this intention, for your own sake, I will detain you till some one comes."

She uttered a low, fierce cry, and struck at him with it, but he caught her hand, and with sudden force snatched it from her. In doing so he was obliged to hold it with its point toward her, and struggling for it in a sort of frenzy, as he raised the hand that held it, she slipped forward and it was driven half-way to the hilt in her side. There was a low, gasping cry—a sudden clasping of both hands over her heart, a sway, a reel, and she fell headlong prostrate on the loathsome floor.

Sir Norman stood paralyzed. She half-raised herself on her elbow, drew the dagger from the wound, and a great jet of blood shot up and crimsoned her hands. She did not faint—there seemed to be a deathless energy within her that chained life strongly in its place—she only pressed both hands hard over the wound, and looked mournfully and reproachfully up in his face. Those beautiful, sad, solemn eyes, void of everything savage and fierce, were truly Leoline's eyes now. Through all his first shock of horror, another thing dawned on his mind: he had looked on this scene before. It was the second view in La Masque's caldron, and but one remained to be verified. The next instant he was down on his knees in a paroxysm of grief and despair.

"What have I done! what have I done!" was his cry.

"Listen!" she said, faintly, raising one finger.

"Do you hear that?"

Distant steps were echoing along the pas-

sage. Yes; he heard them, and knew what they were.

"They are coming to lead you to death!" she said, with some of her old fire; "but I will baffle them yet. Take that lamp—go to the wall yonder, and in that corner, near the floor, you will see a small iron ring. Pull it—it does not require much force—and you will find an opening leading through another vault; at the end there is a broken flight of stairs, mount them, and you will find yourself in the same place from which you fell. Fly, fly! There is not a second to lose!"

"How can I fly? how can I leave you dying here?"

"I am not dying!" she wildly cried, lifting both hands from the wound to push him away, while the blood flowed over the floor. "But we will both die if you stay. Go—go—go!"

The footsteps had paused at his door. The bolts were beginning to be withdrawn. He lifted the lamp, flew across his prison, found the ring, and took a pull at it with desperate strength. Part of what appeared to be the solid wall drew out, disclosing an aperture through which he could just squeeze sideways. Quick as thought he was through, forgetting the lamp in his haste. The portion of the wall slid noiselessly back, just as the prison-door was thrown open, and the dwarf's voice was heard, socially inviting him, like Mrs. Bond's ducks, to come and be killed.

Some people talk of darkness so palpable that it may be felt, and if ever any one was qualified to tell from experience what it felt like Sir Norman was in that precise condition at that precise period. He groped his way through the blind darkness along what seemed an interminable distance, and stumbled, at last, over the broken stairs at the end. With some difficulty, and at the serious risk of his jugular, he mounted them, and found himself, as Miranda had stated, in a place he knew very well. Once here, he allowed no grass to grow under his feet; and, in five minutes after, to his great delight, he found himself where he had never hoped to be again—in the serene moonlight and the open air, fetterless and free. His horse was still where he had left him, and in a twinkling he was on his back, and dashing away to the city, to love—to Leoline!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 327.)

JULY.

BY L. M. H.

Summer trails her splendor
Through the lengthened days,
Leaving blossoms tender
In the quiet ways.

In and out the clover
Hum the drowsy bees,
Bending bright heads over,
Poising on the breeze.

By the winding edges
Of the sunlit road,
Stands the dusty hedge,
Dropping with their load.

Up the slanting hillside
Flowers thirst for rain,
But the scorching noontide
Gilds the waiting grain.

Nature drinks with pleasure
Summer's luscious wine,
Taking every treasure
As a gift divine.

Without a Heart:

OR, WALKING ON THE BRINK.

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY," "TRACKED THROUGH LIFE."

CHAPTER XLII.

DRIFTED APART.

The silence that followed the story of Mark Leslie was one that was oppressive to all, and each heart was sorrowing deeply; the brain of each of those three was busy.

At length Eve, with a mighty effort at self-control, arose and approached Clarence Erskine.

Softly the tiny hand was placed upon the bowed head, and sweetly-toned was the voice that said:

"Clarence."

"What is it, Eve?" answered Clarence, in a husky whisper.

"I am going away."

"Whither would you go, Eve?"

"I know not, I care not. I only know that I am going away forever."

"Eve," and the man arose to his feet, his face pallid, his lips trembling, "Eve, for love of me you have done this, and I forgive you. From this day our lives must drift apart, and yet you must not come to want—no, I will provide for you."

"Clarence Erskine, were I dying of want this moment, I would not save my life at your expense."

"No, no, no; I have loved you with all my heart; this very moment you are the only idol of my life—but we must drift apart, and forever."

"It is hard, Eve, very hard; but it must be so."

"Permit me to break in upon this sad scene," said the deep, stern voice of Mark Leslie.

"Well, sir?" simply said Clarence.

"The mother of this lady had much to make her miserable, and she hated her daughter because she reminded her of her husband who had so cruelly wronged her; but now her heart is open to her child, and she will receive her again into her love—may, she is now in this city awaiting the result of my visit here."

"Also, neither you nor your mother need know what, for your father, Colonel Roslyn Roselle—"

"God in heaven! what do I hear? Was Roslyn Roselle the father of Eve?" cried Clarence Erskine, his whole form trembling with emotion.

"Yes, sir; he it was who deserted his wife and child—"

"Oh, God! how terrible is thy retribution! Hold, sir, and you, Eve, listen, for I have a story to tell."

"Eve, between you and me there is a grave—for I killed your father! He it was who had, as I believed, destroyed poor Florice, and though he had gone through with the force of a marriage, now I know that he deceived her, and his blood weighs less heavily upon my soul, for he deserved death at my hands."

Overcome by his emotion, Clarence Erskine again sunk back in his seat, while Eve said, in a voice a little above a whisper:

"Clarence, I witnessed the duel between you and the man I now know to have been my father. I kept it from you, but I saw him fall; I beheld God's rebuke upon the taking of human life, and I fainted, or was stunned by the lightning—which, I know not."

"When I recovered consciousness you had gone; but a blood-stain—my father's blood—yet stained the greensward, and upon the grass I found a letter addressed to Colonel Roslyn Roselle, and signed Florice. As this gentleman has my private papers, found at Wildside, he can produce it. Now you know all, Clarence; but, sir," and she turned to Mark Leslie, "I cannot go to her who calls herself my mother, and I will not; let her go her way, and let her reveal in Colonel Roselle's fortune, for not one cent of it will I take; it would burn my very soul, for I abhor my unnatural parent. No, I will go my way alone."

"Pardon me, but I must remind you that there is a charge against you which the law of the land will not overlook," said Mark Leslie.

"And that is—"

"Bigamy!"

Instantly a prison cell flashed before the mind of Eve, and she tottered back as though about to fall; but recovering herself, she said, harshly:

"I am your prisoner, then?"

"I regret that it is so; but I do not desire to persecute you, and I feel that Mr. Erskine will not prosecute; so I will give you your freedom—upon one condition."

"Name it."

"That you appear as a witness against Claude Clinton."

With a bound Eve faced Mark Leslie, her eyes blazing, her form trembling, and her lips nervously twitching.

"Gladly, oh, gladly, will I do so, for to Claude Clinton I owe all that I am—a vile, dishonored woman, and with joy inexpressible I will see him on the gallows. Oh, yes, I'll be a witness against Claude Clinton."

Then, with a stifled cry, Eve fell back upon a divan in a deep swoon.

An instant Clarence Erskine gazed upon her, and then turning to Mark Leslie, he said:

"It is better so; when she recovers she will be calm. I will send her maid to her; but, sir, please be kind to her, and if you can prevail upon her to take a support from me, please do so."

"Now let me thank you for opening my eyes, even if I see only a grave in my heart."

Clarence Erskine turned toward Eve, stepped forward, as though about to press his lips to hers, and then waving his hand, as though pushing off a hideous phantom, he left the room, and the twain had parted forever.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SENTENCED.

CLAUDE CLINTON paced to and fro his lonely cell—the bright sunlight, trilling birds, the green fields, restless waters, and busy life without; darkness, chill, despair and gloom within.

It was the same cell from which, a few weeks before, Howard Moulton, condemned to death, from circumstantial evidence, had gone forth a free man, released by the persevering determination of Mark Leslie to track Claude Clinton to the gallows.

Released from the shadow of dishonor removed from his name, to again return to his sailor life, and become the commander of the Eagle, the inheritor of Burt Lambert's wealth.

Pacing to and fro that lonely cell, Claude Clinton's brow was as black as gloomy thoughts could make it, his lips as stern as desperation could stamp them, his eyes as wild as despair could render them—for the day before he had been condemned after a fair trial by a jury of his peers, to die upon the gallows—the same death, to save himself, he had intended for poor Howard Moulton.

Gradually the damning evidence accumulated around him, until it was proven, by Eve and the stained record, that he had slain the old clergyman of Silver Creek church—by Mark Leslie that he had attempted his life, and then that he had shot to death, in the disguise of an Indian, the old miner, Claudeuron, whose name he took, to seek other fields, after deserting one whom he had cruelly deceived with a mock marriage.

Then, as though from the very dead, from the bottom of the sea, arose Buck, the old boatman, who told his simple and truthful story, which cleared up the mystery of Paul Lambert's death, in the masked duel, and proved that the storm had not swept him from the boat, but that he had been struck down by his cruel master, to hide the secret of his assassination of Captain Lambert.

The evidence was too truthful, too damning for an avenue of escape by any technicality of the law, and Claude Clinton went to his gloomy cell, a felon, a murderer, condemned to death.

Bitterly through his busy brain rushed all these damning memories, and he ground his teeth together, as he felt that a few more suns and his hands of life must run out in ignominy.

Presently steps resounded down the corridor, and a key grated in the iron door.

The prisoner stopped in his walk and eyed savagely the opening door.

"A lady and gentleman to see you," harshly said the jailer, who had no sympathy for the quadruply-dyed murderer.

The next moment in stepped Mark Leslie and Eve.

"Ha! you, who have sworn my life away, now come to mock me?" he said, sneeringly.

"No, Claude, I have come to say to you farewell. You it was who made me a woman without a heart, and now I am avenged."

"But, Claude, I was brought up in the Roman Catholic church, and now I turn in my despair to my religion, for within the walls of a convent I will pass the remaining days of my life—for I gladly give up the world and all its sorrows."

"And yet I would ask you to forgive me for all I said to bring you here—I would not have you die cursing me as your murderers."

"Ha, ha! There is some joy left for me yet, for I do curse you now, and I shall curse you with my last breath. Begone, woman! Polite not this felon's cell with your accursed presence. Begone, I say!" and the madman clenched his fists most threateningly.

The beautiful eyes filled with tears, the graceful form shrunk away, and the iron door shut Eve forever from the sight of Claude Clinton.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN DEATH'S ECLIPSE.

At last the day of execution rolled round; the town was all excitement, for common natures always love to satiate their gaze upon human misery and suffering.

The gallows had been erected in an open field, outside the corporation limits, and thither rushed the mob of that Southern town, awaiting in breathless eagerness the rising of the curtain upon the "death scene," the lowering of it upon the *fialet*.

Then a rumor gained ground that Claude Clinton was not to become a spectacle for the eyes of the horror-hungry populace; it was said he was dead.

Mark Leslie came out of his hotel pale, stern and cold, and the rumor reached his ears.

Instantly he changed his intended course, and hastened away toward the jail.

Here was congregated an excited crowd of officials, and through them Mark Leslie forced his way into the gloomy corridor, for, being recognized as a Government detective, he was permitted to pass.

At last the prisoner's cell was reached, and passing in through the iron portal the eyes of Mark Leslie fell upon the form of Claude Clinton, lying prone upon the cot.

"He is dead, sir, and by his own hand," said the jailer.

"Dead! A suicide!" and Mark Leslie dropped the lifeless hand.

"Yes, sir; here is a small bottle containing poison, and this note, to you, sir, I took from his hand."

Mark grasped the note and read, written in lead-pencil:

"Mark Leslie, you are avenged, for you have driven me to my death."

A wild light flashed into Mark Leslie's eyes, a flash of triumph, and then he turned and walked away, for his duty had ended: his sister Louise and Eve were avenged.

Back to the hotel he wended his way, and Eve learned from his lips that Claude Clinton had died by his own hand.

For awhile her head drooped in grief, and then rising she held forth her hand to Mark Leslie and said, sadly:

"For all you have done for me I thank you from my heart."

"Now the end has come, and henceforth our paths in life divide. Farewell."

CHAPTER XLV.

CONCLUSION.

YEARS have passed away since Claude Clinton's death, and those characters of my story yet living have drifted far apart.

Side by side with his loved wife and idolized daughter, Florice, sleeps Colonel Erskine, whose last days of life were closed with bitter memories of the past.

In shoddy magnificence, still clinging to life with tenacious grasp, is an old woman, living upon the wealth of Roslyn Roselle, who won her girl's heart to afterward deceive and desert her—that pitiable skeleton of womanhood is Matilda Roselle, the mother of the heroine of this story.

Fitting hither and thither through the length and breadth of the land, ever restless, is Mark Leslie, an old bachelor, and still in the detective service of the United States, and in which he has won rank and distinction, for, though possessing wealth, he could never be prevailed upon to settle down to the enjoyment of the pleasures of life.

In Cliffside, once the home of Claude Clinton, which he purchased when offered for sale, lives Captain Howard Moulton, with a lovely wife, the daughter of the lawyer who aided Clarence Erskine in his defense, and the pompous Major Domo of the estate, notwithstanding his gathering years, is Buck, the boatman, who believes that Fred Douglass and himself are the greatest personages of the African race now sheltered by the stars and stripes.

A lonely, wretched man, alternately roaming over the world, and then resting in his grand old home is Clarence Erskine—a moody, silent and stern man, only awaiting the summons that will call him beyond the tomb.

One more, kind reader, and my long story is finished—that one, Eve, whose strange career you have kindly followed in imagination through the romantic realities of her life.

Upon the wave-washed shores of a Southern State stands a lordly building—a convent, whose sacred walls exclude the world from those who dwell there.

In that holy retreat dwells the woman once called Eve Ainslie, but now known as Sister Evangelina, the Nun.

With the dead past buried, the world cast behind her, she has devoted her life to God, and these of her sisterhood who have felt the light touch of her fingers soothing the fevered brow, gazed upon her *spirituelle* beauty, and know not her past life, would never dream that Sister Evangelina, the Nun, had ever been a woman without heart.

THE END.

LIVER AND BLOOD DISEASES.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."

A healthy liver secretes each day about two and a half pounds of bile, which contains a great amount of waste material taken from the blood. When the liver becomes torpid or congested, it fails to eliminate this vast amount of noxious substance, which, therefore, remains to poison the blood, and he conveyed to every part of the system. What must be the condition of the blood when it is receiving and retaining each day two and a half pounds of poison? Nature tries to work off this poison through other channels and organs—the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., but these organs become overtaxed in performing this labor in addition to their natural functions, and cannot long withstand the pressure, but become variously diseased.

The brain, which is the great electrical center of all vitality, is unduly stimulated by the unhealthy blood which passes to it from the heart, and it fails to perform its office healthily. Hence the symptoms of bile poisoning, which are dullness, headache, incapacity to keep the mind, or any subject, impairment of memory, dizziness, sleep, or nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. The blood itself being diseased, as it forms the great upon the surface of the skin, it is so irritating and poisonous that it produces discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches, and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach, bowels, and other organs cannot escape becoming affected sooner or later, and we have, as the result, costiveness, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, diarrhoea. Other symptoms are common, as bitter or bad taste in mouth, internal heat, palpitation, teasing cough, unsteady appetite, choking sensation in the throat, bloating of stomach, pain in sides or about shoulders or back, coldness of extremities, etc., etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. The liver being the great dehydrating, or blood-cleansing organ of the system, set this great "housekeeper of our health" at work, and one foul corruption which gathers in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with very small doses daily of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, is pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors, and swellings, dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents.

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A FUNNY MAN.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

He was the very funniest man
That happened to be born;
He was chuckful of funny ways,
And funny, night and morn.

'Twas funny just to look at him;
Your face to smile would run;
And everything that he would do
He did it just for fun.

He had a very funny walk;
And it was funny, too,
To see how funny he lived
All his existence through.

In fun he tried to spend his days;
Naught earnestly was done;
If ever he would kick a man
He did it just for fun.

It was a funny thing to see
The clothes which he was in;
The holes about his elbows seemed
To widen with a grin.

Quite funny at a funeral,
If he would go to one,
And if he ever licked his wife
He did it just for fun.

Obituary poetry
Had no effect on him;
His eyes would drown themselves in smiles
When they in tears should swim.

With very funny words he met
And vanquished every dun,
And if he called the man a liar
He did it just for fun.

He acted very funny,
They said, when his wife died;
He never could be serious,
And joked, but never cried.

And when at last this funny man
His mortal race had run,
The neighbors all around affirmed
He only died for fun.

How She Proposed.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THERE were suspicions of tears in Genevieve Ransom's lovely violet-blue eyes—such ardent, soulful eyes, with their thin, blue-veined, white lids, fringed with heavy, half-curving lashes of intense black—a rich dusky darkness that matched the heavy, almost straight brows, and the magnificent hair that was such a vivid, splendid contrast to her ivory-white complexion, pale cheeks and warm, exquisitely scarlet lips.

She made an exceedingly pretty picture sitting far behind the curtains that draped the big oriel from the sitting-room—her white, trailing skirt lying against the pallid emerald of the curtains and the silver-gray of the carpet, and the broad scarlet silk sash completing the harmony of hue—a fair, very fair sight to see, excepting the tears that, while they did not detract from her sweetness, made one feel almost tempted to fight the fate that had made them seek their home in such lovely eyes. Genevieve never cried—she was not crying now, only—the rebellious drops would come as she thought how she had given all her heart, all her love unasked, ungiven, to Dr. Howard Dayrell, of all men; Dr. Howard Dayrell, with his joyous, gay manner, his handsome face, his tall, commanding figure, and—well, the way he had of looking in Genevieve's eyes—a way that set her breast all a-flutter, and her heart a-throb.

Until very lately she had entertained such sweet, secret hopes that he loved her, that she would one day speak; until very lately she had been very happy—and now, she was crouching in the extreme corner of the great oriel window, as miserable a girl as the May sun seen on. And all on Howard Dayrell's account—all because she had learned one of the bitterest lessons that ever comes to a woman's heart to learn—the lesson that the one we love has not been worthy of our devotion, has not appreciated our loyalty—does not want our love.

It was a terrible blow to Genevieve, and yet she was not so wounded as angry—angry with herself that she had been such a fool to allow herself to care for a man who could smile in a dozen women's eyes, and press the hand of every pretty girl he knew, and whisper sweet nothings in women's ears the same as she had permitted him to whisper to her.

That was what Dr. Dayrell had been doing—there was no possible mistake about it, for, not two hours before, Rose St. Ormond and Clarie Dell Valle had had a most spirited discussion of the gentleman in question, in the very sitting-room where Genevieve was sitting—a comparison of experiences that proved, conclusively, that he had been deliberately flirting with all three of them.

Miss St. Ormond had declared, indignantly, that Dr. Dayrell had sent her a bouquet of very morning-glories with the sweetest note hidden among the flowers, and that he had more than once expressed wonder that any man of taste could admire either Miss Ransom or Miss Dell Valle when she was in the field; and Clarie Dell Valle, with her black eyes flashing, and all her Spanish blood up, maintained stoutly that Dr. Dayrell had time and again declared that to look in her eyes was like a glimpse of heaven itself.

And poor, heart-sick Genevieve had sat and listened with white face and quivering frame—not that he had ever paid such fulsome compliments to her, or compared other ladies with her, but because, somehow, some way, and a way she had thought the perfection of gentlemanly delicacy, she had been impressed that he cared for her.

All her distress and mortification was visible on her sweet face as the girls—and true friends they had always been—dethroned her idol so honestly, if rudely.

"He's been playing the same game with you—I can tell, Genevieve! Oh, he deserves to be gibbeted—and he shall! be punished some way. Girls, let's give him a lesson he'll never forget. Let's have our revenge."

Clarie's bright eyes were dancing with half-angry, half-merry light.

"Of course we none of us care a straw for such a rascal, and we can't be hurt with the little idea I have thought of. But, Dr. Dayrell, with his high-toned womanly, and his refinement, and his ideas of womanly delicacy and the like—he'll find we're even with him. Girls, it's leap year and we will all propose to him on the same day, and make him engage himself to us all, by force of threats and in consequence of the attentions he has paid us. And then we will all confront him at once—and I think Dr. Dayrell will regret the day he settled in Endon. I'll go first to his office, and Rose next, and Genevieve last. Girls, will you unite to give him his just deserts?"

And they had promised—our Genevieve reluctantly; and now the girls had gone, and she was sitting all alone, so miserable, so unappealingly miserable and unhappy, so regretful that she had passed her word to join the leap year frolic, ashamed to draw back lest such an act should be construed into a very great interest in Dr. Dayrell, and with all these varied feelings, a desire to let him know she was not deceived in him.

And the lovely May afternoon wore away

in warm breezes and soft fragrance of spring flowers and fresh earth, and Genevieve felt it was the funeral day of all her hopes and happiness.

Dr. Dayrell's office was a very pleasant place that warm May afternoon when three lovely girls sat in the reception-room, like three fair Fates—Miss St. Ormond, Miss Dell Valle and Genevieve.

Outside gay striped awnings shaded the long French windows; within bamboo furniture and light India matting made the spacious room the very ideal of summer coolness and comfort, while Dr. Dayrell himself, handsome as a prince, and affably courteous to the patient patients, as, one by one, they entered his private office from the reception-room—Dr. Dayrell bowed and smiled to the three young ladies, all unconscious of the fate that was awaiting him. Genevieve had taken a magazine from a marble-topped table, and vainly tried to read it, while Miss St. Ormond, with a face of almost ridiculously comic gravity, waited in calm composure until the door should open that had closed on Clarie Dell Valle's entrance into the inner office.

Ten—fifteen—minutes, and then Dr. Dayrell opened the door—calm, courteous, all untroubled as ever, and Rose went in, her haughty little head up, her bewitching eyes smiling in his own pleasant face.

Ten—fifteen—minutes more, and Genevieve's heart seemed threatening to suffocate her; could she—could she fulfill her part of the programme? Oh, how dare she ever promise—yes, she would do it, if she died the next minute.

And just then the door opened, and she arose and walked in, straight past the doctor, with her heart heaving, her face pale, her eyes feeling provokingly suspicious of tears.

Dr. Dayrell asked her to be seated—and his kindly, courteous way went like a dagger through her heart.

"I think I am very highly favored of the gods this afternoon, Miss Genevieve. Two of your lady friends have just honored me with a passing call, and are in the other room."

Genevieve looked at him, feeling more wretched and ashamed and stubborn than ever before in her life. She smiled—she meant it to be awfully sarcastic, but it failed.

"Indeed! Perhaps, then, you will not care to know my errand, if two have preceded me. But—" a little hysterical noise interrupted her speech, then she gave one plunge into the subject, and rushed through the sentence at railroad speed.

"Dr. Dayrell, I came to know if you are aware that it is the time when ladies have the privilege of asking gentlemen to marry them? Will you please have me? I would be—very delighted—indeed, and—of course, I am hopeful, since your attentions have been so marked. Really, if you refuse, I shall be heartbroken, because I am, so dreadfully in love with you, you know!"

Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes bright with unshed tears, and she stood trembling in every limb.

Dr. Dayrell's handsome face had grown seriously grave, his eyes never left her face one instant while she was rapidly, hysterically delivering herself of the speech. Then, just the faintest gleam of a smile crept to his lips.

"I must confess I am quite overcome at the prospect of such honor and happiness at your hands, Miss Genevieve, but I cannot make myself believe you really mean—"

His tender, half-serious, half-reproachful voice was suddenly interrupted by the excited entrance of Rose St. Ormond and Clarie Dell Valle.

"Whatever do you mean, Genevieve Ransom! Oh—h—you have actually been proposing to Dr. Dayrell—why, it was his scapegrace of a younger brother—Dr. Clinton Dayrell, we meant! And haven't we gotten even with him in the other office? Genevieve Ransom, whatever have you been doing?"

It was a scene that I cannot attempt to describe—the mortification, the shame, the awful shame on poor Genevieve's sweet burning face—the amazement, almost fear, on the girls' countenances, and the sudden glory of joy that swept over Dr. Dayrell's.

"Just leave Miss Ransom alone a moment, if you please, ladies," he said, in that pleasantly-authoritative way that even amid all that horrid misery made Genevieve's heart bound.

Then, after he closed the door on them, he walked straight up to the girl, who sat, rigid, with her cold hands covering her face, in a perfect agony of mortification—came up to her, and bowed his handsome, passionate face to hers.

"Genevieve! if you will tell me what you said is true you will make me the happiest man in the world! Genevieve, my darling, I have loved you so long! Genevieve, will you be my wife—my loved, honored wife?"

His pleading voice sent the warm blood pulsing in every vein, but the tears were rushing from her eyes, and trickling through her fingers, and her form was convulsed with low, hard sobs.

"Don't! don't!" She gasped the word, only conscious of having done the shameful deed.

His arms were around her—his kisses on her blushing forehead.

"You must never say 'don't' to me, dear, because I certainly shall love you and kiss you whenever I please! Silence has given the consent I know you have granted—and all I ask is for you to look in my eyes once and let me see how my little betrothed looks! Genevieve, darling! When I gave Clinton a good round sousing for the way he flirted with the girls, I little knew it would result in this! Genevieve! you shall kiss me!"

And so the leap year episode ended, although Genevieve's cheeks will flush painfully if Dr. Dayrell as much as mentions the "privileges of ladies," or woman's rights. And he does love to tease her.

Centennial Stories.

"IF YOU DARE!"

An Incident of the Evacuation of Boston.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

It was the night of the sixteenth of March, 1776, and Boston was filled with tumult.

The steady, though rather hasty, tramp of troops was heard in the streets, and a multitude of cannon were being dragged to the harbor, covered with British transports. Hundreds of Tories were preparing to fly with the discomfited army, and the war dogs of liberty on Dorchester neck had ceased to growl.

Howe—the boastful, magnificent Howe—was evacuating the city to which he had clung with that pertinacity characteristic of his military self, and one hundred and fifty transports were receiving his troops. The air was full of northern frost, and the stars twinkled icily

above the city. Through the long hours there was the rumble of wheels on the streets, the tramp of horses, the curses of ill-humored soldiery.

In one of the finest private residences that graced Boston at the time of which I write, stood a man of sixty. His hair was very gray, but his cheeks were full, and the light of younger years remained in his deep brown eyes. He stood in the middle of a handsomely furnished parlor, superintending the packing of a great trunk. Already the rooms had been despoiled, for unoccupied hooks proclaimed the removal of valuable pictures, and it took but a glance to tell that the elegant center table had been robbed of some of its articles of vertu.

The well-dressed negro who was packing the trunk worked under the master's orders, and article after article was stowed away with commendable care. Now and then certain sounds that told the white-haired man that Howe was still moving his cannon came from the streets. They caused him to bite his lip with deep chagrin, and once or twice he clenched his hands as if he stood in the presence of a foe.

"One thing forgotten, massa; jess room for it," said the negro, rising, and before the Tory could reply, he left the room.

A minute later he re-entered the parlor, bearing a picture covered with a piece of rare and costly silk. A handsome frame incased the hidden work of art, and the man started when he saw it in his servant's arms. He seemed to recognize it by its covering of fringed silk.

"Missus wouldn't leave her picture to de rebels for de world!" said the black, thinking that he was answering his master's frown.

"Jess room for it in de trunk, an'—"

Jupiter was interrupted by the hand that fell like a hammer upon his shoulder, and he started from the flashing eyes that seemed to burn their way into his brain.

"That accursed picture would contaminate everything in the trunk!" said Mark St. John, the Tory. "It shall not follow the gallant Howe from Boston, and it shall not remain in my house to welcome the rebels. Jupiter, tear off the silk!"

The servant gave St. John a look of incredulity.

"It am de young missus' picture," he pleaded. "Her blessed little fingers put de silk on—"

"Don't you hear me?" and a foot struck the floor. "Tear off the silk, I say!"

The Tory was in a passion, and with the last words on his ashen lips he advanced upon the negro, who, unable to retreat further because of the wall, laid his hand on the delicate silk.

A moment later the picture was revealed to the gaze of Mark St. John, and the veil hung from Jupiter's hands.

It was a portrait of a young man whose features were open and handsome, and the shoulders were crowned with the insignia of an English captain.

The Tory frowned again when his eyes fell upon the portrait, and after a moment's silence, he cried:

"Enough! Henry Clayne, your face has been uncovered that the fire which is to consume you in effigy may light it up with its glow. You resigned your commission in the king's troops when you saw the rebels take up arms, and now on Dorchester neck you stand a full-fledged rebel major. You hope to enter my house when we shall be far away with Howe, and uncover the portrait which I made Alice cover. But no such triumph shall be yours! The fire that burns so cheerily in the grate shall consume your portrait. Jupiter, cast the deserter's picture upon the wood!"

Mark St. John pointed to the fire as he spoke, but his eyes were riveted in sternness upon the negro who seemed to be wondering if his master had not gone mad.

"What! are you afraid to incur the child's displeasure?" suddenly cried the Tory, and before Jupiter could reply the portrait was jerked from his grasp and his master was striding toward the fire like a man of vengeance.

"Her tears shall save the accursed portrait no more!" he hissed. "In this fire as fierce as England's wrath I'll burn it before she comes down dressed for flight with me."

The blaze warmed his pale cheeks as he stooped with the portrait which he prepared to dash to its ruin with one motion of his hasty hands.

But he did not get to perform the hot-headed deed, for the door opened suddenly, and a beautiful young woman, richly dressed, entered the parlor.

There was a pallor on her cheek, and her first glance was at the Tory, who, startled by her arrival, had sprung erect. Then her eyes fell upon the picture.

"I suspected this when I discovered the portrait to be missing," were her first words. "Uncle Mark, you were going to cast it into the fire."

Her demeanor maddened St. John, and he gave her an angry and defiant look.

"I was!" he cried. "I still mean to burn the deserter's portrait. It shall not retreat with us, neither shall it remain to return to his possession."

"The portrait belongs to me!" said the lovely girl, and her dark eyes flashed. "He left the king's cause because he believed that the colonies should be free. He is not a deserter, for he resigned and left the army in a legitimate manner. He is to me now what he was when he used to dine with us in this very house as captain of the British army. The promise which I gave him then is good to-night. I hold it sacred, uncle Mark, and I mean to keep it!"

Mark St. John was silent for a moment, and the negro saw that a storm was gathering.

"The same to you now as then?" he suddenly cried, looking at his ward. "Do you think that I still hold the written engagement of marriage? Long since I cast it into the fire, and it was destroyed."

"But the promises of the heart cannot be burned up!" answered the girl. "Your act does not make my promises null and void."

The Tory bit his lip.

"I cannot parley!" he cried. "Howe will not wait for us; his cannon will soon cease to rumble in our streets, and perhaps to-morrow the rebel flag will float over this accursed town. I want no more words with you, Alice. I am going to consume the deserter in effigy."

He spoke with determination and rudely turned his back to her as the last word dropped from his lips.

The portrait was in danger, for the enraged Tory was about to cast it among the flames, when the "click, click," of a pistol-lock fell up on his ears, and the next instant a voice like the girl's, yet unlike it, rung in the room.

"Mark St. John," it said, "that picture belongs to me! Cast it into the fire if you dare!" and after a moment's silence her lips repeated:

"If you dare!"

The pale-faced Tory turned and saw—

what?

A tall and beautiful girl whose compressed

lips told that the pistol grasped tightly in her hand had not been drawn for nothing!

"Alice, are you mad?" he cried, when he found his tongue. "Do you know that I am not afraid to cast this rebel picture into the fire despite your command?"

"Do it if you dare!" she repeated, not with emphasis but still terribly stern. "I do not want to shed a drop of anybody's blood, but the portrait of Henry Clayne, who left the British army that he might fight for the freedom of his native land, shall not be thrown upon our fire!"

Mark St. John permitted an oath to escape from the cauldron of his rage, and turning on his heel raised the picture above his head.

With his action the girl's arm was lifted from her side.

"If you dare!" she said. "You disregard my words at the peril of your life."

Mark St. John heard and lowered the portrait, and when he again turned upon his ward he looked into the muzzle of a leveled pistol.

"Take your rebel's picture!" he cried, and next instant the souvenir was lying at her feet. "You shall not take it with you, and if you leave it here I will send a man from the transport with orders to fire the house."

To this threat the girl made no reply.

Her eyes flashed with triumph as she lifted her betrothed's portrait from the floor, and with a smile that cut the Tory to the quick, bore it proudly from the room!

He heard her ascend the stair before he returned to the occupation interrupted by the thrilling incident just related—the packing of the trunk—and when Jupiter's sable hands had lowered the lid, St. John opened the door and called Alice.

But no Alice replied.

He ascended to her boudoir and found her trunk half-packed, but the girl and the portrait were missing.

In no good humor the Tory darted from the room to hear the cart sent to convey his goods to the harbor stop before the door.

St. John paused on the stair and studied for a moment.

"Let her go!" he cried, suddenly. "Her father would be a rebel if he were alive. I will not tarry to see the rebel flag in the streets of Boston."

He adhered to his decision like a man.

When day dawned he stood on the deck of one of Howe's transports, and, sailing away, left the city to Washington.

The Continentals entered the city amid great rejoicing, and Alice Boyden and her lover met. Of course she told him about the preservation of his portrait, and he saw it on the wall where it had hung so long.

But it was now uncovered, for Boston was Washington, and one night Henry Clayne, clad in Continental uniform, stood before it and kissed his bride.

Mark St. John's pride kept him forever from Boston.

The Outlaw's Halter.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

RECKLESS RAY told the story.

"Walker an' his Rangers (of which I was one) war camped on the Nueces. For the ten days precedin' the time uv which I speak, we had bin tryin' to git on the track uv Hurn Falcon's band uv freebooters, that war constantly infestin' the settlements in that vicinity."

"The name uv Hurn Falcon hed got to be the terror uv the border. Not contented with robbin' the settlers, this merciless outlaw w'd kill every one that dare raise an arm 'gainst them. This leavin' behind him, wherever he went, a dark an' bloody trail. But Walker hed sworn to find his rendezvous, an' exterminate the band. An' when Captain Walker said a thing, we knowed that he meant it."

"Scouts war sent out in every direction. But the wily Falcon baffled every tempt that war made to hunt him out. Still keepin' on, however, with his plunderin' an' murderin', Walker growed moody an' silent. He knowed that sunthin' mus' be done to rid the kentry uv the pest. But no feasible plan presented itself, till one mornin' thar kem a message to Walker, that Falcon's band war goin' to plunder the settlement of Sareda, 'bout six miles 'b'low us, the night cumin'."

The information hed bin got from a deserter uv the band. The messenger sed that it c'd be depended on, so plans war laid at onc', to save the settlement an' rub out the outlaws."

"Two days afore the news war received that Sareda was to be 'tacked, Walker hed sent Joe Ruxton, with 'bout two-thirds uv the Rangers, up the river to Randero Hills, hevin' a suspicion that Falcon's den war sunwar in 'em diggin'."

Now they war needed; an' Walker said that sum one mus' carry 'em word to meger the rest at Sareda that night."

"Es no one seemed to care 'bout the job, I offered to go. My offer war quickly accepted, an' I made preparations to go at onc'. Jest es I war to start, however, a youngster, Walter Ransom by name, said that he sh'd like to go, too. I hed no objections, so we set out together. Walker hevin' given us our orders, to go straight to Ruxton's camp, tell him what we hed heard, an' that he mus' meet the rest at Sareda at midnight. All this, mind you, c'd not be done without hard ridin'. But es long es it c'd be done, that war enough for me."

"Walt an' me rode on at a smart rate, till night 'bout noon, when we halted at the edge uv a piece uv timber, to give our hosses sun rest, an' a chance to eat some uv the tall grass; while we partook uv that which we'd taken 'long with us for the occasion."

"When I had finished eatin' I left Walt to see to the hosses, an' started on a walk through the timber, to rest my legs a little, arter the hard ride. But I hadn't gone fur, afore I heard the neigh of a hoss, some distance ahead uv me. Wishin' to know who war 'round, I quickened my steps, an' kept on till I kem in sight uv the other side uv the timber, 'bout a quarter of a mile from Walt, when I suddintly heard the sound uv voices. An' cautiously makin' my way fur'ard, I soon kem in sight uv half a dozen men, seated round a fire, laughin' an' jokin' at a great rate. Outside uv the timber war their hosses, which showed that they war travelers, and hed only stopped to rest awhile, afore they started on their journey."

"I didn't take me long to make them an' men out es belongin' to Falcon's band. Es soon es I war satisfied on that pint, I resolved to take advantage uv the thick underbrush that grew on the edge uv the timber, an' crawl up within hevin' uv their talk, that I c'd git information that w'd be worth listenin' fur."

"I got up within hearin' uv the outlaws, without much trouble. Howsmevver, their talk didn't seem to mount to much, arter all. But es near es I c'd make out, from what I heard, they war goin' to meet their leader, Falcon, at Valeris Fork, 'bout sunset. Then I made up my mind, at onc', to go back to Walt, an' send him on to Ruxton's camp alone. While I w'd stop behind, to watch the outlaws, es I didn't believe they war goin' near

Sareda that night—Valeris Fork bein' in another direction."

"When I told Walt what I hed seen an' heard, he seemed willin' to go on alone, an' started at onc'; with the understandin' that he sh'd ride fast to Ruxton's camp, deliver Walker's message, an' tell him what I hed heard. Then to tell Ruxton that, es he went to Sareda, to go round by Valeris Fork, an' to stop at Cassar Falls, on the same crick, half a mile 'bove, whar I w'd meet him, an hour afore sunset. Ef I sh'd fail to be thar, they might know that I was in trouble, when they might do es they thought best. But to bear in mind that Falcon, with a few uv his followers, w'd be at Valeris Fork at sunset."

"After watchin' Walt out uv sight, I fastened my hoss, who seemed restless an' uneasy, now that the other was gone, to a tree near at hand; an' then I set out on another scout, not satisfied with what I hed learnt before. An' by takin' time fur it, I managed to work my way through the bushes, up within hearin' uv the outlaws a second time. By their actions, I sedd plainly that they didn't mistrust thar war enny one in the timber, 'cep'n' themselves. Ef they hed, I don't doubt but they'd hev paid less 'tention to their bottle an' a good time, an' bin more on their guard. But fortune seemed to favor me, an' I war bound to improve it."

"Fur half an hour I lay thar watchin' 'em outlaws. A profitable half-hour's work it was, too. Worth more than all Walker an' his Rangers hed done fur a month. Frum what the outlaws said, I found that their den was, es Walker hed long thought, in one uv the Randero Hills. An' by their talk uv the locality, I learnt that Falcon, hevin' some way or other, found that Walker knowed uv his intended raid on Sareda, hed changed his plans, an', instead, was goin' fur Olmos, up the river. Thus, word by word, I hed learnt their plans, so thet I knowed 'em like a book."

"When I found that thar was no more to be learnt, I resolved to go back to my hoss, mount him, an' ride to Cassar Falls, an' thar wait till Ruxton cum with the Rangers. But things ain't alvurs es you'd hev 'em. Afore I hed fairly got started back, one uv the outlaws' hosses give another loud whinny, same es I hed heard when I fust cum inter the timber. An' then, judge uv my astonishment an' consternation when I heard it plainly answered by my hoss, across the timber. Every outlaw leaped to his feet. The hoss whinnied ag'in. In a minnit mine answered ag'in. Then thar kem the sound uv a critter smashin' through the bushes, an' in a short time my hoss kem inter sight, at a smart run. Two uv the outlaws, in tryin' to ketch him, got behind me. Thus surroundin' me, an' cuttin' off all retreat. An' es one uv 'em went back to the others, arter ketchin' my hoss, he went so clust to me that he caught sight uv me. The time fur action hed cum."

"I hed led my rifle back in the woods, so I didn't hev thot to depend on. But I hed my pistols, an' I drewed 'em, bound to use 'em, too. Fur when Reckless Ray sells out to the likes uv them, thar has got to be blood spilt."

"My fight with the outlaws was a short one. But afore they fetched me, I sent two uv their blackened souls to perdition. Then I felt a bullet strike me in my side. An' quickly follerin' up their advantage, they soon overpowered me."

"At fust, I expected the outlaws w'd make short work uv me; but arter a short consultation, they decided to let me live a leetle while longer. An' arter securin' bindin' me, they went to work buryin' their dead comrades, that I hed kilt. Es soon es that war accomplished, they lashed me to my hoss's back, an' mountin' their own animals, took me atween 'em, an' set out, es I already knowed, to meet their chief."

"Valeris Fork, so called, is whar the Bramfel an' Nueces unite, makin' one river. When the outlaws with me got thar, their chief war patiently waitin' for 'em. An' es we rode up, I sedd him look frum me to the riderless hosses, which two uv my captors war leadin', an' then frum the hosses back to me, an' I knowed by the scowl that settled over his dark, stern features, that I c'd expect no mercy frum him."

"In a few words my captors told him what hed happened. Es they finished speakin', Falcon, with a look uv hatred an' revenge, turned to me an' said: